

THE CORONATION BY THE BISHOP
OF RIPON.

The LEISURE HOUR

THE CROWNING OF THE KING: A POEM.

THE LIONS OF ENGLAND



JUNE 1902

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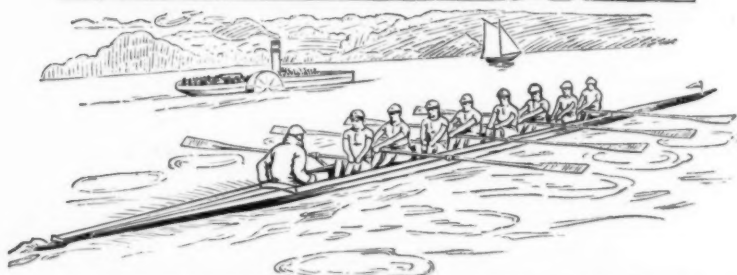
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HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

The Crowning of the King

June 1902

I

HERE in the month of the roses
(Red Rose and White !),
Shower we roses and roses
Out in the warm June light,
Garlands of roses before him,
King of the lords of the seas.
Wave, bannerol, o'er him ;
Clang, bells, on the breeze ;
Sound, clarion, clamouring up the reverberant heaven ;
Roll, drums ; and, cannon on the ramparts, roar,
And flare from iron mouths your tongues of levin
Round England's empire's endless ocean-shore ;
And let the myriad-myrriad sons of England, lifting
The white hand and the dark near and afar
Through every clime of earth beheld of every star,
Make the wild air o'er peak and meadow drifting
With welcome, welcome, welcome to the King
Of England, England's Edward, ring,
As onward to that Throne
Mid strife and tempest evermore
Loftier, firmer, dearer grown
Through all its thousand years of change and stress
With hearts that triumph and adore
We bear him in our hope to crown and bless.

II

"EDWARD OF ENGLAND!"—name sublime,
Name that resounds with clangours of old time
And clash of battles waged for England's weal,
And warrior-kings of England in their steel
Harrying the hosts of England's foes, the strain
And struggle for free life on earth and main,
And England's mastery ; nor of battle's awe
Alone and mailèd heroes knee to knee,
But of fair feats of peace-insuring law,
And works of love, and widening liberty ;
Name ever to an English fancy dear
And music sweet in every English ear,—
Acclaiming in this noon of Time its glory,
We see the expanding vision of our story,
And know the earlier with the latter year
One splendour, and ourselves the lion-breed
That swept in eld the sailless seas,
And trod the trackless waste and homeless mead,
And o'er wide ocean thundered our decrees ;

The Crowning of the King

And, every dream of languor scorning,
Feel in our blood the freshness of life's morning,
New strength to hold our Titan heritage,
The direr strife with darker foes to wage,
To dare the deeds of mightier destiny,
And greet the thousand years of vaster sway to be!

III

Who is worthiest to wear
The crown of empire and to bear
The sceptre of the plains and sea?
Not he who fills his flickering hour
With gross ambition, greed of power,
The pride and pomp of majesty;
Or, softening in voluptuous ease,
Beholds his kingdom, rank with peace,
'Mid sloth and folly drink decay;
Nor he who strikes the freeman low,
Or treads upon the feebler foe,
Or tramples the defenceless prey.
O, rather he who, standing on Time's shore,
Hears the deep ocean of Eternity,
And, by that sound subdued,
Above the earthy dream assays to soar,
Yearns for the fairer life, the amplitude
Of god-like sight, the large expectancy,
And from the vantage-ground of sovereignty
With firm and tender hands
Sheds over all his subject lands
The dew of healing liberty,
The purer love, the holier light,
The bloom of Virtue's fairest flower,
Till all his gladdening realm is bright
As valleys kindling from a sunlit shower.

IV

Such was she whose lustrous day
Fades not into night forlorn,
But like the summer-evening's lingering ray
Softly mingles with reviving morn,—
She whose radiance yet will cling
Round her Nation's venturous way
On into its latest Spring;
Whose sixty years of gentle sway
Beheld her England's eagle-wing
Wave in glory, scattering
Over isle and continent
Gleams of delight or shadows of dismay;
While with her People's inmost life was blent
Her influence as the sunbeam's garnered power
Throbs in the hidden veins of tree and flower
And mellows all the autumn's golden dower.

The Crowning of the King

V

And as the Mother such the Son will prove—
So trust we, so believe,—by her deep love
And rare example moulded, and to *him*,
The Spirit that through lonely years
Of silent sorrow's veiled tears
In her pure heart was sovereign to the end,
Heir of the wisdom of the liberal mind
And of the nerve to bear
Mutely the cross that all the noblest find,
In self-oblivion 'mid the broader care;
An English King, his People's friend,
Whose will and theirs to one fair purpose bend;
Who takes the sceptre they bestow,
To guard the realms that round them grow;
To guide their feet in ways of good,
To fire them in their fainter mood,
To cheer them forward, spurning fear,
Or lightly rein their fierce career;
To help to fix their dreams in form;
To brave with them the blinding storm;
To dwell above them yet to be
The yoke-mate of their destiny;
To know his throne his People's throne,
And clasp their mandates as his own;
A golden cord of year with year,
To twine the present and the past,
Alike to watchful age and wondering childhood dear;
Fair beacon-ray along the billows cast;
Wise fosterer of learning and of art
And labour; seeking peace with strenuous heart,
Yet fearing not the loud alarm
Of war if war alone can shield
His People from a deadlier harm;
Prepared the wider sceptre yet to wield;
Unmoved when earthquakes rock the State,
Firm when the feeble will would yield,
And dauntless in the face of Fate.

VI

Set the crown upon his head;
And crown the gentle brows of her whose name
Soft as the star of eve will shed
Its tender beam in clearest airs of fame;
Set the crown upon his head,
There 'mid the mouldering dust of England's mightiest dead,—
They who ruled and they who fought,
Reared an empire stone by stone,
Sowed the earth with seed of noblest thought;
They who left us what we are;
They who through the tempest's war
Phantom shores in daring sought,
And half the rolling globe have made our own;
They who dreamed, and they who sang;

The Crowning of the King

They who planned and toiled and wrought
Till the great name of England echoing rang
From every height of earth to every zone.
Scatter we garlands before him,
King of the lords of the seas.
Wave, bannerol, o'er him;
Clang, bells, on the breeze;
Sound, clarion, clamouring up the gladdening sky;
Roll, drums; and, cannon on the ramparts, boom;
And let the myriad sons of England cry
Welcome, welcome, welcome to the Throne
Of England, England's King, with England's doom
Woven, yet one more name with melody,
By every wind, in song's exultancy,
Through all the resonant ways of all the centuries blown.

VII

And 'mid the sounds of joy is breaking
A deeper harmony,
A murmur as of waves that in their waking
Roll shoreward from the world-engirdling sea.
The voices of his lieges o'er wide earth,
Still steadfast, reverent in their lightest mirth,
Uplifted to the throne of that Dread Being
Beyond all touch of hand, all hearing, seeing,
King of all kings, Force all of Nature swaying,
The unknown Depth all life and light outraying—
O Living Power, before whose mystery
Awe-stricken in our day of pride we bow,
Then learning most our abject littleness,
Shield them, and with Thy strength their years endow;
O, suffer never on their lives to press
One trouble heavier than the faint white cloud
That stays to rest
A moment on the gleaming mountain-crest
And floats and fades away in fleckless air!
And shield Thy People that around them crowd.
O, brace each heart the burthen huge to share
Of dominance, not to chafe beneath its weight,
Or deem the yoke of patriot-duty hard!
Make firm the deep foundations of the State.
Our ever-broadening bounds of empire ward.
All base corruptions from our midst expel,
All sloth, all greed, all passions of the clay
That coil the flowers of heaven with weeds of hell;
The lawless loves that rot the heart away;
The ravin of the beast that knows not shame;
The traitor's falsehood that befouls our fame;
Lie-built renown; triumphant knavery;
The baffling of fair aims with mean derision;
The furtive wile, the filial perfidy
That plots the House's ruin at its hearth.
And grant the loftier hope, the vaster vision,
The resolution still to toil, to strain,

The Crowning of the King

To crush the broods of evil at their birth,
To labour for the beauty of the earth,
To vanquish Wrong, to loosen Virtue's chain,
To hail the breakers of the stormier sea,
To struggle toward the ever-towering height,
To make the name of England one with Might,
Truth, Peace, Love, Order, Freedom, Chivalry;
That, gathering glory as the years unroll
Their gifts, and moving fearless to her goal,
Our England's darkest hour
Be but the gloom of leafy forest-lanes
When sudden-sombre skies of summer lour;
And, with her Kings in happiest amity
Aspiring, toiling, she may reap the gains
Of all who serve the Good and seek the Right;
And through the ages they who watch may say,
"Here England's banner waves; behold how free
Men's lives and radiant!" and the memory
Of her fair deeds glow one clear line of light
Across the fields of Time and shoreless deeps of Night.

G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG.

The Coronation and some of its Lessons

BY THE BISHOP OF RIPON

THE coronation of the sovereign will be an event unique in the experience of the vast majority of the English-speaking people. By far the greater number of us have known but one sovereign. We were born, we grew up, we began our career under the rule of Queen Victoria. Her name was a household word, a word moreover to conjure with, standing as it did for fidelity to duty, unsparing devotion to her people's good, unsullied purity and honour, a guileless character and a simple life. For sixty-three years the English people lived under her rule, and grew so accustomed to it that the thought of any change almost dropped out of mind. This need not cause wonder, when we remember that Queen Victoria's reign exceeded the average length of the reigns of English monarchs by almost forty years. People who died in the early half of the nineteenth century might have seen three coronation pageants without being very old. The child born in the same year as Tennyson was eleven years old when George IV. was crowned, was of age when William

IV. ascended the throne, and was only twenty-eight at the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria. Taking the same age, ten or eleven years, as an age when a child could intelligently appreciate and readily remember the event, the child who was eleven when the queen was crowned, must have lived to be seventy-five in order to see King Edward VII. crowned; and to be eighty-four, if he had been eleven when William IV. was crowned. There is an old clergyman in the north of England who reached the ninety-seventh anniversary of his birth in March last, and who therefore was fourteen or fifteen when George III. died, and who lived under five sovereigns, and might have seen four coronations. But these figures and calculations only serve to show how unique the event of a coronation is in the experience of the bulk of our people. This is perhaps the reason why the significance of the ceremony is not very widely or clearly understood.

The people of these realms have often been twitted by their Continental neighbours

The Coronation and some of its Lessons

as being a nation of shopkeepers, and as being illogical, because they are content to put up with certain political inconsistencies in the constitution of their country. The criticism of our neighbours has a measure of truth in it. We are a commercial people; and we therefore estimate things from a practical standpoint. We are not, therefore, greatly troubled by theoretical inconsistencies in the constitution, so long as no great principle is put in jeopardy, and the commonweal is sufficiently safeguarded.

The sovereign of these realms is a constitutional monarch. He has rights, privileges and honours, but he has also sacred duties and high responsibilities. He is entrusted with power, and he is expected to protect the interests of the nation, and, as the most important of those interests, to maintain the great and salient principles of the constitution. This high duty of the throne is expressed in the "National Anthem."

"May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King."

The realisation of the true and rightful position which the monarch holds in these realms is needful, if we are not to be perplexed by some of the apparent inconsistencies to which I have alluded, and if we are adequately to appreciate the religious character of the Coronation ceremony.

For it must be remembered that the Coronation is not a mere splendid pageant, but a religious service; and it is to be hoped that the people of this country will treat the solemn function of next June as indeed a great religious gathering.

In Westminster Abbey the representatives of the Empire will be assembled. In their midst prayers will be offered up, when the crown is set upon the sovereign's brow. The nation will then, in acclaiming their sovereign, recognise the greater sovereignty of God, and they will acknowledge that without God nothing is strong, nothing is holy. "God alone is great!" cried the great French preacher in the presence of the coffin where many hopes and affections were buried. "God alone is great!" is the thought which underlies the solemn service in which the monarch is set apart for his high office.

This thought is capable of extension. The moment we realise the governing

power and the governing wisdom of God, we recognise the sanctity of every office. It is with no superstitious meaning that we acknowledge that God's Divine Providence has appointed divers orders in His Church. It is an elementary religious truth that "promotion comes neither from the east nor from the west; that God is Judge: He putteth down one and setteth up another." This simple truth has indeed often been exaggerated or misunderstood. Men have thought of the rights, the dignity and splendour of high place; they have thought little of the high responsibilities, and noble opportunities for good, which are the accompanying duties of power.

"Duties, not rights," was the motto of a great Italian patriot, and the lofty duties which devolve upon the sovereign are emphasised in the Coronation Service. The service is marked by certain significant ceremonies; but the prevailing thought in all of them is the one of which we have spoken, viz. that all power and authority are from God.

Let us briefly note some of these ceremonies.

There is the Anointing

The sovereign has taken the oath to govern according to law, to show justice and mercy in all his judgments, and to maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed religion, as well as the existing religious settlement, and the rights and privileges of the Church of England; the great hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," has been sung, and the sovereign has been placed in the ancient and venerable chair which has been used since the days of Edward II. The ceremony of anointing then takes place. Usually the sovereign is anointed on the head, the hands and the breast, to signify that heart and hands and mind are to be used as in consecrated service. Thus the presence of the Spirit of God is invoked, and the significance of the oil used becomes clear. For rule and government men need the fitting spirit as well as the fitting gifts. All gifts are from God, and the highest and best gift of the Spirit, to use gifts rightly, is from God. The oil thus signifies man's need and man's faith, and our desire for the presence and help of the Spirit, or, as it is expressed in the prayer that follows the anointing, the blessing of the Holy Ghost.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA

The Coronation and some of its Lessons

The Sword

The sword is handed to the sovereign; the sovereign gives it to the archbishop, who lays it on the altar, from which it is again brought to the sovereign. Here the thought that all power is from God, and that whatever authority or gift a man possesses by nature and right, he must take and use only as from God, is clearly brought out by the ceremonial. The sword of power belongs to the sovereign, but he will only take it into his possession as coming to him from God.

The Robe and Orb

The Imperial robe, and the golden orb, set about with pearls, are then given to the sovereign. These carry with them their lesson and meaning. The prayer which accompanies their bestowal explains these: "The Lord your God endue you with knowledge and wisdom: the Lord clothe you with the robe of righteousness and with the garments of salvation." And the prayer continues: "When you see this orb set under the cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our Redeemer. For He is the Prince of the Kings of the earth, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, so that no man can reign happily who derives not his authority from Him, and directs not all his actions according to His laws."

The Ring and the Sceptre

The ring is put on the fourth finger of the sovereign's right hand. The words used by the archbishop are: "Receive this ring, the ensign of kingly dignity and of defence of the Catholic Faith."

The sceptre is given into the monarch's hands with these words: "Receive the royal sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice."

Immediately after, a rod, adorned with the dove, the rod of equity and mercy, is given to the sovereign, who is reminded of the need of impartiality and mercy. "Be so merciful that you be not too remiss; so execute justice that you forget not mercy. Judge with righteousness, and reprove with equity, and accept no man's person."

These preliminary ceremonies over, the supreme moment of the coronation is reached.

The sovereign is seated in the same historic chair of which we have spoken. A prayer that the royal heart may be enriched with heavenly grace, and that the sovereign may be crowned with all princely virtues, is said. Then the crown is brought forth; the archbishop places it upon the monarch's head, and the acclamations of the great assemblage are heard. "God save the King!" bursts from all lips, the trumpets are sounded, while without the great guns roar forth a royal salute. When the sounds have ceased, the archbishop addresses the newly-crowned sovereign: "Be strong and of a good courage: observe the commandments of God, and walk in His holy ways: fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life, that in this life you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course, receive a crown of righteousness, which God, the righteous Judge, shall give you in that day."

The Giving of the Bible

It is characteristic that the first ceremony after the coronation should be the presentation of the Bible to the sovereign. The presentation was at the Queen's coronation made by the archbishop, the dean of Westminster going along with him. The words of presentation declared the Bible to be the most valuable thing that the world affords. "Here is wisdom: this is the royal law: these are the living oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this book, that keep and do the things mentioned in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

The enthroning then follows. The homage of the peers is made, and the service concludes with the receiving of the Holy Communion.

Throughout the whole ceremonial there is the continued expression of one great spiritual principle. The nation is engaged in a great religious act. It is the setting apart of the monarch for his high office with words of prayer and praise; but it is more than this: it is the public acknowledgment that people and nations cannot enjoy peace or security without God. For the measure of blessing which has been theirs, for the

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strength and stability of the Empire, they are indebted to the never-failing providence of God. For the due administration of all public affairs, they need the inspiring wisdom and help of God; and all rule, sovereignty, power and influence are thus only truly noble and royal when they are

exercised in a righteous, holy, noble and self-sacrificing spirit. The service is a splendid expansion of the old Hebrew prayer, which all English-speaking people will loyally echo: "Give the King Thy judgments, O God, and Thy righteousness unto the King's son" (Ps. lxxii. 1).

The Passing of the Sceptre

BY A NURSING SISTER

SOON after the demise of our late beloved Queen, there passed away in far-off Fiji a native chieftain who was, perhaps, not the least remarkable of the many princelets in various parts of the world who acknowledged her Majesty as their suzerain. Ratu Eveli, of Bau, or, as he was officially styled, the Roko Tui Tai-levu, was the eldest and last surviving son of the late "King" Thakombau, whose name is well known to most Englishmen as the potentate through whose instrumentality the government of the islands and people of Fiji was ceded in 1874 to our own nation. Born between 1840 and 1841, as nearly as we can determine, Ratu Eveli carried his years lightly until early in the last decade, when indications appeared, which were suggestive to medical observers, of organic defects taking place; but the old gentleman remained comparatively hale and hearty until a few weeks before his death. At last, however, the chief relinquished his earthly ties, and was gathered to his forefathers, amid the wailings of his many relatives and dependants.

Since the death of his father in 1880 he had been the highest chief of the Fijians, and made his home on the island of Bau, which, though very small in area, is full of historical nooks and stones. Were many of the older natives now living, much could be gleaned of the horrors and barbarities of former days, when the old kings had despotic sway, and their slightest word was law to their only too ready servants, who ever thirsted for the excitement of human slaughter, and hungered for the cooked flesh of their fellow-men and women.

Those were indeed the days of unlimited monarchy; but since the advent of the

pioneer missionaries, some of whom sacrificed their lives in the attempt to christianise these savage people, much has been done to alter the former conditions of native life. The head-quarters of the Wesleyan Mission now stand on what used to be the most despised spot in Bau, and was used by the cannibals as a general garbage heap after their disgusting orgies.

Ancient landmarks are rapidly fading from sight and memory, but the foundation of the old heathen temple, called "Na Vata ni Tawaki," still remains, and a large stone, on which the brains of unfortunate prisoners of war and other victims were dashed out, is now used as a pedestal for the font in the excellent rubble church (capable of holding eight hundred worshippers) which is built near the scene of untold bloodshed and barbarity.

In former times the demise of a chief of high rank was the signal for the death of several of his subjects, and of his numerous wives, who were strangled and buried with him. At the present day, the white man's influence has altered this, and the native tries to assimilate European ideas, and to adopt our customs as nearly as he can. Ratu Eveli, whose funeral rites I was permitted to witness, succeeded his father in 1881. He was a kindly though obstinate man, of great physical proportions, and possessed a dignified and pleasing manner. He clung more tenaciously to Fijian customs than many native chiefs do now, and though he had a large and comfortable house always ready for his European guests, he himself preferred to live much as his ancestors had done.

In February 1901 he became alarmed about the condition of his feet, and a medical

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man, who was asked to see him, recognised the onset of gangrene, and advised his speedy removal to the Government hospital for treatment. After the customary delay, peculiar to the Fijian habit, he arrived in Suva, and was examined by four surgeons in consultation, who all agreed that prompt amputation of the limb was the only course open. This was accordingly explained to him, but, in spite of the persuasive efforts of several officials fluent in the native dialect, and the moral fear which the presence of so many medicine-men should have inspired in the breast of a quasi-savage, he remained obdurate. On being asked later on why he so steadily refused to allow any operative measures to be taken, he declined to answer, and remarked rather scornfully that had he expected such a suggestion he would have stayed at home. Probably he thought it more dignified for a chief to die with his limbs in position, and secretly believed that as he left this world so he would exist in the hereafter—and any impairment of his physical being would be derogatory to his position among the shades of his ancestors. The following day he returned to Bau accompanied by a native wise woman, who glibly undertook to cure his disease. However, "the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," and not many days elapsed before he succumbed. It had been my duty to nurse the old gentleman a couple of years before, through a phase of his illness which ultimately brought about his end, and I then conceived quite an admiration for the dignified and puissant chief's submissiveness and patience under my manipulations, for I knew full well that in his heart he was one of the old school of Fijians, and that he had no real liking for the white races, and not too much faith in their surgical methods either. To me he was always gentle and gracious, and was ever solicitous that I should share with him the many *bonnes bouches* presented by his anxious and alarmed subjects while the treatment continued. After his death, an order was sent to Suva for a coffin 90 in. x 36 in. x 31 in., and all that was mortal of the old chief was laid to rest, packed in lime and sawdust.

The coffin was set up in state in his royal dwelling at Bau, to await burial a week later. This lapse of time, unusual in a tropical climate, was necessary for the assemblage of the chiefs of distant islands and districts to pay their last tribute of

respect and sympathy to the deceased. On March 3 some of the European Government officials and a company of the Armed Native Constabulary proceeded to Bau in the Government dispatch steamer, to take part in the funeral ceremony, and were followed by the principals and others next day. These arrived at noon, and were received by the assembled chiefs, who presented a magnificent whale's tooth to the Governor's representative with the usual complimentary speeches and toasts. The coffin was, as before stated, in the house of the deceased, and reposed on a dais covered with costly mats and native cloth, and festooned with floral emblems. The watchers, about thirty women, who had never left their post, sat round in the house, all arrayed in sombre garments, and maintained an awe-stricken silence. According to native custom a part of the wall had been removed, that no impediment might intervene to embarrass the spirit of the dead chief when setting out from the body on its journey to paradise, and likewise to facilitate the exit of the enormous coffin. The company of the A. N. C. formed a guard of honour, and marched, with arms reversed, at the head of the procession towards the church. The coffin was borne by eight bearers of rank, quite an innovation of modern times. The son of the old chief came next, as chief mourner, and was followed by the widow, relatives, native and European officials according to their official status.

On arriving at the church a most impressive service was held; during which three hymns were sung in Fijian by about five hundred voices, and so hushed were the notes that the effect was very pleasing to the ear. After a short discourse by the missionary on the evanescence of life, and some flattering allusion to the Christian virtues of the departed chief, the procession wended its way to the ancestral burying-ground of the Thakombau family, which is on a high eminence, and affords a wide view of the surrounding sea. The coffin was placed over the grave, which was twelve feet long and eight feet wide, and lined with mats and native cloth. It was then lowered by means of tackles into the cavity to a depth of ten feet. A female relative stood near the edge of the grave, and one's curiosity could scarcely be controlled on noticing that she very carefully held a pair of scissors and a hair-brush and comb. These articles, it transpired, being the

The Passing of the Sceptre

personal property of the chief, were surreptitiously buried, so that no evil spell would befall any one handling them later on. The service was concluded with a prayer, and the hymn "Fight the good fight" was very well sung, and when the words "earth to earth," etc., were pronounced, the bugle-call rang out sharply, three volleys were fired, and the remains of our old chief were finally covered with beautiful white coral sand specially brought from the reef for that purpose.

The royal cemetery contains several graves, some with head-stones and inscriptions, but, with the exception of an obelisk in memory of King Thakombau, all these were blown down and shattered by a hurricane some six years ago, and still lie as they fell. The whole space is enclosed within a concrete kerb.

About two thousand people were present at this interesting ceremony, not more than twenty-four of whom were Europeans, and a more orderly or reverent assembly could not have been found anywhere.

Almost immediately after the funeral, Ratu Kadavu Levu, the eldest son of Ratu Eveli, was installed as Roko Tui Tailevu in his place. The customary *yagona* was brewed to the accompaniment of a monotonous dirge chanted by some of the older men. When this beverage was ready, the usual goblet of polished cocoanut-shell was presented to the young chief, who motioned to the cup-bearer to pass it on to the Governor's representative first, and a few other portions were ceremoniously handed round according to the official position of

those present. A short address was next delivered to the people by the Native Commissioner. On such occasions, after the usual native ceremonies, the Roko Tui sits on the ground before the Governor, who, occupying a chair or high seat, takes the hands of the Roko Tui within his own hands, and administers to him the oath of allegiance to the sovereign, and this is followed by a promise to obey and assist the Governor in all things lawful.

The Governor then delivers to the chief the staff or sceptre, as an emblem of office, with the following admonition—

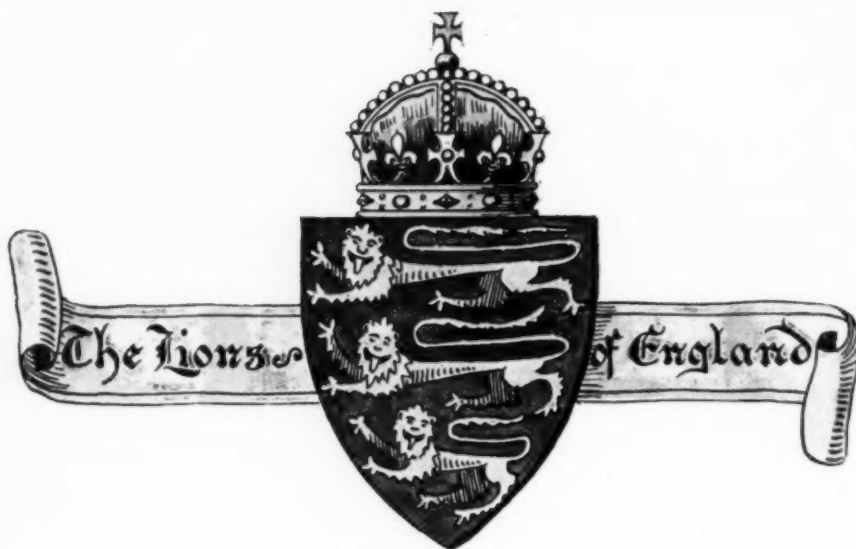
"Take, with this staff, authority to rule, as Roko Tui, in the province of ——. To the people over whom you are placed be a father, lead them, teach them, feed them. Take heed not to oppress them, and in all your acts remember that strict and solemn account which you must one day render at the judgment-seat of God."

The staff is made of lancewood, inlaid with whale's-tooth ivory, mother-of-pearl and ebony, and is about five feet in length. This procedure was followed, in the present instance, by a prayer, and the Governor's deputy concluded the ceremony of installation. It is interesting to note the marked change which of late years has taken place in the minds of this once savage race. An event of this nature in the early days would have been the signal for human sacrifices, cannibal feasts, envy, bickerings, and perhaps war between rival factions, instead of which a better-conducted ceremony than that I have tried to describe could not have taken place in any civilised country.



Photo by Miss J. Wylie

A SCOTTISH LOCH



BY E. HILL, A.R.I.B.A.

THE subject of leonine charges as used in Heraldry is a large one, since the lion, as the symbol of courage, magnanimity, power, and dominion, has always been the favourite animal for the warrior's standard from the earliest times. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that in the twelfth century, when Heraldry (as most authorities are agreed) began to resolve itself into a regular science, almost no other animal was used as an armorial bearing among the royal and noble families of Europe.

We propose, however, to confine our remarks on the present occasion to the lions borne in the Royal Arms of England, a subject in which every patriotic Englishman will take an interest, when he remembers that for seven hundred years they have existed unaltered, and now in every quarter of the globe are the visible ensigns of the British Empire.

The precise origin of the "three lions passant guardant in pale or" is apparently wrapped in the mists of obscurity. Most heraldic writers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have gravely assigned arms to the most mythical personages of ancient times, and among others, have kindly provided a coat of arms for every one of the early British and Saxon kings, continuing

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the series down to their own times. Thus, Sir William Segar, who, as Garter King of Arms, ought to have known better, commences a treatise on this subject in 1604 as follows:—"In the Poesy entitled Arch-trenius it is sayd that Brute (Brutus, a mythical British king) bare for his Armes in a feild gold a Lion passant gules." When responsible people wrote such rubbish, and quoted such untrustworthy evidence, we cannot wonder that Heraldry fell into contempt, and was called "the science of fools."

Let us proceed, however, to see what reliable evidence we have to go upon. Planché, Somerset Herald, writing in 1851, says:—"Some writers have gone so far as to assert that the royal arms of England were two lions passant guardant, from the time of the Conquest till the marriage of Henry II. with Eleanor of Aquitaine, when the

addition of the lion of that province completed the number still seen in the royal shield. That this is but surmise, unsupported by any contemporary evidence at present known to exist, I should scarcely have recalled to you, were it not that writers of great acumen and veracity on other subjects persist in repeating incidentally this mere tradition as a positive matter of fact." He proceeds to show that Henry I. was the

Arms on the Seal of



Prince (after⁴⁵ King) John

The Lions of England

first English sovereign who, we can reasonably assume, used a lion as a badge, and further remarks that "all the descendants of Henry I. had eventually a lion for their arms, varying only the colour or metal for difference."

Neither Stephen nor Henry II. have left anything to show what armorial bearings they may have used; but when we come to John, we find that during his father's lifetime he used a seal on which his shield is shown charged with two lions passant. As for his brother, Richard Cœur de Lion, we might expect that with such a name he would of course have borne a lion in his shield. We accordingly find on his first Great Seal the royal shield with a lion

the Lions of England have become settled and hereditary, we may devote a few remarks to the animals themselves. It is a curious fact that from Richard I.'s time down to the close of the fifteenth century, the usual term for a lion

First Coat of Arms used



by Richard Cœur de Lion

in the passant guardant position was a "leopard"; and only when he was rampant was he called a "lion." Planché quotes Jerome de Bara, a French heraldic author in 1628, who defines the terms as follows:—"The Lion is always rampant, and shews but one eye and one ear. The Leopard is always passant, and shews both eyes and both ears"; and the distinction is still used by the French. The Emperor of Germany sent Henry III. a present of three leopards, in allusion to his arms, and the earliest Roll of English arms begins, "Le Roy d'Angleterre porte goutes trois lupards dor." Henry V. created Nicholas Serby "Leopard Herald"; and by an Act in the twenty-eighth year of Edward I. (1300) it was ordered that all pieces of gold and silver plate, after being assayed, should be "signé de une teste de leopard,"

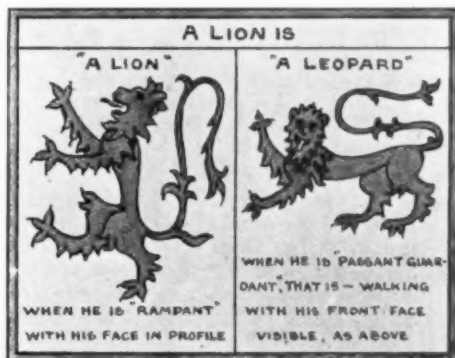


Figure of King Richard from his second Great Seal, 1198, with the earliest example of the three Lions of England.

"counter-rampant"; but we know from contemporary chroniclers that there were two lions facing each other, although on the Seal the convex form of the shield only shows one. It is not till we examine Richard's second Great Seal (after his captivity in Germany in 1194) that we find the three lions passant guardant, which from that time have descended to us as the Royal Arms of England. The illustration of this Seal which accompanies these remarks was drawn from the wax impression in the British Museum attached to a charter dated 1198. It is unfortunately somewhat defaced, but the three lions can still be made out on the king's shield which he carries in front of his body; giving us the best evidence we can have on the subject.

Having now arrived at the period when

a practice which is still carried on, as we can see for ourselves. It is evident therefore that this curious distinction was seriously used throughout mediæval times,



The Lions of England

probably because the early heralds considered that the only true leonine attitude was the rampant one, and that other positions required different names. A great deal has been written on this subject, and, as might be expected, attempts were made to complicate matters by talking about a "Leopard-lionè" and "Lion-leopardè" when other attitudes were intended. The annexed illustrations will, however, give a better idea of the difference than pages of writing could do,

The Lion in the royal crest first appears on the Great Seal of Edward III. (1340), but standing on the king's helmet, and not, as now, on the crown. He wears a crown on his head, and is technically described as "statant guardant," that is, standing with his head turned towards the spectator, his tail curled up over his back.



Shield in red & white enamel from
The State Sword of Edward 5 as
Prince of Wales, 1475-1483,
now in the British Museum

The Lion as one of the royal supporters dates from Henry VI., who was the first English monarch known to have used him in that capacity. Edward III. is said to have used a lion and a falcon for the purpose, but no example is extant to prove this statement.

Before concluding this paper it may not be amiss to notice the lions of Scotland and Wales. The Scotch lion is rampant and of a red colour; its origin is not precisely known, although the veracious Sir William Segar, quoted above, assures us that "To Albanact his second son Brute gave Albania, and for his Armes Leonem rubeum rapacem in campo aureo, w^{ch} Armes to this daye have been continued by the Kinges of Scotland." It has been supposed (putting King Albanact out of the question) that the Scottish lion was derived from the arms of the ancient Earls of Northumberland and Huntingdon, from whom some of the kings

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of Scotland traced their descent. The shield of North Wales has "three lions passant guardant in pale gules, their tails passed between their hind-legs and reflexed over their back" on a field argent; a coat not unlike that of England. The illustration shows a small enamelled shield on a State Sword used by Edward V. when Prince of Wales, and is probably intended for the coat of North Wales, although in this case the lions are looking backwards, in the "coward" attitude. South Wales has a shield divided quarterly, gules and or, in each quarter a lion passant guardant, with the colours counterchanged, forming a very handsome and striking coat.

In conclusion, I should like to draw the reader's attention to the spirited way in which the old designers represented heraldic



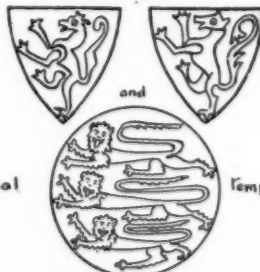
From the Great Seal
of Edward III.



From
in Penshurst
Brasses
Church: Kent



From
Enamelled
XIIIth
and
Medallions
Century



a Seal
Temp. Ed. I.
in the British Museum

The Lions of England

lions. Their bodies, limbs, and tails may be extremely attenuated, and they may wear sometimes very comical expressions on their faces, but they never fail to give an impression of their chief characteristics of courage, ferocity, and vigour; very different from the fat, over-fed, sluggish-looking animals we too often see now-a-days, which, as a modern writer has said, have become "tamed and docile, and fit to lie on the hearthrug."

Many beautifully-designed examples of the Leo Heraldicus are to be found on mediæval seals, monuments, brasses and buildings of ancient date, some of which are here illustrated; and in bringing his

remarks to a close, although only the fringe of the subject has been touched upon, the writer hopes that he has aroused the interest of the reader without presuming too far upon his patience.



Arms of South Wales

To Canterbury Bells

MANY blossoms to my breast
Make a sweet appeal,
Lily with the snowy crest,
Solomon his seal:
Glad am I in spring to learn
All the violet tells,
But from all the lovely host
You, fair friends, I love the most,
Ringing bells, singing bells,
Canterbury Bells!

Through the days of innocence
Marvel was my food;
Then I stormed the angry fence
Scowling round the wood:
Not for daffodils I searched
In the warmer dells,
But I sought the wood-king bold
In his helm of beaten gold,
Gleaming bells, dreaming bells,
Canterbury Bells!

That was long ago. Her end
Like a blossom shows.
Never shall the Gardener tend
Such another rose.
God be thanked, her spotless soul
In a covert dwells
Where her brow is cooled by trees
And your kindred kiss her knees,
Calling bells, falling bells,
Canterbury Bells!

In the year when all my heart
Ached at forest bare,
Sad because its leafiest part
Hid no warrior there,
Mother taught me all the hedge,
Took me to the fells,
Packed my blouse with deep delights—
Petalled monarchs, flowering knights—
Swaying bells, praying bells,
Canterbury Bells!

In her garden she would stroke
Cage and cup of blue
While with joyful love she spoke
Homeland bells, of you.
Even now her voice (it flows
From remembered wells)
Pours within my ears the praise
Poured on you in happier days,
Blowy bells, snowy bells,
Canterbury Bells!

NORMAN GALE.

The Light in the Window

BY G. F. MILLIN

DAVID BUCHANAN and Bob Morley sat on a baulk of timber down on the river bank, each smoking a very black pipe with a very short stem. For nearly half-an-hour they had sat without the interchange of a word, and both apparently in a brown study. If the truth could have been known, it would probably have been found that they were both intent upon the same subject, though, strange to say, it was a subject on which neither had ever spoken to the other. That their thoughts were running in the same direction seemed, at all events, to be assumed by David, who presently took his pipe from between his teeth, gave a squirt down into the water over which he was dangling his feet, and broke the long silence.

"You'd better 'ave 'er, Bob," he said.

He was a rugged-looking young labouring man, apparently of a very ordinary type, and from this stolid, phlegmatic utterance nobody would have supposed that it was the outcome of a long and fierce internal conflict. We generally assume some pretty close correspondence between a man's power of thought and feeling and his power of expression, but it is often a very erroneous assumption, especially in the case of those whose vocabulary is very limited, and whose faculty of speech has never been cultivated and developed by any sort of exercise and training. From David Buchanan's words and manner it never would have been imagined that the young fellow had come to a great crisis in his life, and that in those words he was finally putting away the only idol that he had ever worshipped, and setting his face towards a future of self-renunciation and dull, stern duty.

And nobody would have supposed either that to Bob Morley it was the totally unexpected concession of all that he had longed for, the great chance of his hard and dreary life.

Bob turned upon his chum a face as stolid as his own, and slowly held out his tobacco-box. It was his way of giving expression to feelings for which he had no words just handy. "D'ye mean it, Dav'?" he said with a look which, if his weather-

beaten face had been capable of expression, would have been almost painfully eager.

David nodded in response to the question and took the tobacco-box, which he perfectly well understood was not merely an offering of tobacco, but a token of inarticulate gratitude and renewed friendship. The two men again sat awhile and smoked in silence, and then Buchanan got slowly on to his feet, drew up his big and brawny form with something like a sigh, and commenced to refill preparatory to starting for his job on the next ebb-tide. He got his pipe well alight and began to move off.

"Good-night, ole man," he said, in the same stolid manner as before. "I shall keep out of the way, and you can go ahead."

And Bob went ahead, and in six months he married the girl they had both fallen in love with; and though in the meantime Davy's afflicted mother, instead of living for many a long year, falsified all the doctor's predictions by one night suddenly dying, and so setting her son free to marry if he would, any idea of altering his mind and renewing his rivalry with his chum never so much as entered his head.

It was rather a dismal time for Davy, though, when in the early days of Bob's married life the proud young husband would insist on his mate going home with him every now and again, and when Effie, who had by no means lost her coquetry, would punish poor Davy for his desertion by trying her old blandishments upon him.

It was especially hard for David Buchanan to play the true man when, after the first novelty of married life had worn off, Bob would—as he had always done before he fell in love—now and again get drunk and go home and upset his young wife, and she would send round for Davy to come and make the foolish fellow behave himself. Davy had several times stood between the drunken husband and the weeping and terrified wife, and on one such occasion was so exasperated that he had set his teeth and had taken Bob by the collar of his coat and shaken him as though he would have shaken the drunken demon out of him. But never once had he harboured

The Light in the Window

a treacherous thought against his "pal." Davy had his weak points, and he was by no means a teetotaler, but he was one who would always keep good faith with a mate, under any circumstances whatever.

And so things went on in the married lighter-man's world—sometimes better and sometimes worse—and in course of time a couple of children came to brighten up Bob's home and to add an interest to his life, and to appeal to whatever was best in his very mixed composition. And it was an appeal that was certainly not without its effect upon him—it rarely is, if a man has any sort of good nature about him, and

Bob had that, with all his faults. He was as proud of his two bairns as though he had been a prince and his home had been a palace, and though he never said so, he thought it uncommonly nice of Davy to take so much notice of them. The big lighter-man generally had a packet of sweets in his pocket in readiness for any chance meeting—generally once a day—with a fair-haired, blue-eyed little toddler who called him Uncle Davy, and was the very image of her mother. Davy liked to meet the little one, and though nobody would have supposed it from his stolid, weather-beaten face, he liked to feel the touch of her soft baby hand clutching his big rough forefinger as she waddled beside him. But though it delighted him to pet the child



"GOOD-NIGHT, OLE MAN ; I SHALL KEEP OUT
OF THE WAY."

and to listen to her prattle and to take her in his arms, it often made him sigh as he parted with her to go to his own dull and lonely home.

* * * * *

It was November, and the bells in London steeples and clock-towers were beating out the hour of one in the dead of night. Ragged masses of black cloud were scudding across the stars, and the heavily-laden barge *Red Rover*, with a roaring wind astern and an ebb-tide rolling out swift and dark below, had shot under London Bridge with almost the speed of a race-horse. As the black mass of it whirled out into the open water lower down, Davy Buchanan and Bob Morley paused on their ponderous oars and mopped the perspiration from their

The Light in the Window

brows, for only the most desperate efforts had prevented the unwieldy craft from crashing on to the murderous cut-water of the bridge-pier against which the gleaming current was breaking with the roar of some monster of the deep eager to swallow them down.

While the two silent figures paused and panted, the sullen craft sped swiftly on through the impenetrable gloom, broken only by a lamp here and there along the river bank, and by the riding-lights in the rigging of ships at anchor, sending down shimmering trails of fire upon the shining black waters. They were soon scudding down past Rotherhithe, and Bob was looking out for one particular little sparkle of light, to him the centre of all interest. It was a light set in the bay-window of his own room, overhanging the oozy shore of the river. Bob had of late taken a fancy to have a candle put in that window whenever he was out upon the river after dark, so that, as he passed up or down the gloomy, silent highway, he might see where his two curly-headed bairns lay snug and warm in their nest, and Effie was always willing to humour him, but only on condition that he would not drink before he went afloat. Bob promised readily enough, but, alas, he did not always keep his promise, and to-night, although he could not be said to be drunk, he had had more than enough, especially for a man out on so perilous a duty.

Bob leaned on his oar and looked over at the tiny glimmer, and Davy looked too, though with something of a vague melancholy, and wished that somewhere in the dull, dark world there were a light for him, and behind it a bright little wife and curly-headed "kids."

But while they peered across at Bob's beacon-light, there suddenly came from out of the darkness a stentorian shout, and the two startled men instantly gripped their oars and turned their faces down-stream, to find two fiery eyes glaring down upon them and a mountainous dark mass looming out of the inscrutable void before them. It was the black hull of a steamer forging swiftly up against wind and tide, and the sudden shout had come from the pilot on board, as he caught sight of the barge almost under his bows. The lumbering craft carried no light. The port regulations did not require barges to do so anywhere above Charlton, and the barge-owners would

incur no expense and trouble that the law did not compel them to incur, and though the ship's pilot sang out lustily, "Hard astarn!" the instant he descried the dark body drifting swiftly on to his bows, it was impossible to arrest the onward movement of the ship. The two lightermen by herculean efforts brought their craft round just sufficiently to avoid the direct impact which would infallibly have run them down, but they could not avoid a crash which sent the starboard gunwale of their boat under water and hurled poor Bob Morley—who was none too steady on his legs—headlong down into the awful black deep, right under the keel of the advancing steamer. David Buchanan, though he narrowly escaped the same fate, just managed to keep his footing. The stout barge, as she shot swiftly through the shadow of the big ship, righted herself, and almost before the solitary oarsman left on her had time to realise what had happened, she had got clear of the vessel, from the stern of which strong lights were flashed out upon the hideous deep, just as Bob rose for an instant to the foaming surface churned up by the steamer's screw. The black shining head of the drowning man showed up clear upon the white bubbles, and then disappeared. But it rose again a few yards farther on with a feeble, stifled cry for help, that was suggestive of more complete exhaustion than might have been expected from so brief an immersion.

It was an awful moment for David Buchanan as well as for poor Bob Morley. For an instant there flashed upon him all the possibilities of the occurrence. In that lightning-blaze of sudden thought he saw his mate whirled out of the way, sucked down by the merciless water, and himself installed in his place at home, and the very devil within him seemed to whisper exultantly, "Let him go! let him go!" It was a lurid blaze up from the very deepest depths of the man's selfish passion.

But it was only a lightning-flash of thought, and the next instant came a thunder-clap of self-rebuke, threatening to convict him of cowardly treachery to his friend, and heartless cruelty to the young wife and children, and as Bob went gurgling down again, without another instant's hesitation Davy plunged headlong into the dark waters to his rescue.

Farther and farther the glare of light from the ship's stern drew away in the distance, leaving Davy as he came splutter-

The Light in the Window

ing to the surface after his plunge, in an awful solitude of gloom and silence—only the driving clouds above, the desolate waste of waters all around, with the phantom ships blinking their fiery eyes and thrusting up their naked masts along the far-away shores. The barge drove swiftly on, and was lost to sight, and for all the help he



BUT IT WAS ALL IN VAIN

was likely to get it looked as though the gallant David might almost as well have jumped into the middle of the Atlantic as into the Pool of London between one and two o'clock on a November night.

Davy struck out vigorously down-stream, knowing that Bob, who was no great swimmer, would drift in that direction, and by the time he had covered another fifty yards or so, he dimly descried what looked like the arm of a man thrust above the surface, and he pushed towards it. As he did so there was a choking gurgling splutter, and David dashed to the spot just in time to get a grip of his mate's jersey. He was well aware of the peril of getting into the clutches of a drowning man, and he managed to seize the back of his head, at the same time sending out into the wild night a stentorian shout for help.

"Ay, ay, hold on," came faintly down the roaring wind, and Davy heard the sound of tackle and the rattle of oars, and he

judged that the steamer was lowering a boat.

But, oh, the terrible time it seemed before that boat came ripping its way through the sullen surface, and the light of a lantern flashed on the three shining oars on the stroke side.

"Easy all," cheerily sang out the cox'n, and with a sharp swirl he deftly brought round his craft within reach of the nearly exhausted rescuer. When David had first got hold of his chum by the hair, the drowning man had made a slight struggle, but only for a moment. He lay afterwards quite passive in the heaving flood, and it was all Buchanan could do to keep his mouth and nose above water.

"Give us yer 'and, ole mate," said the bow oarsman in the boat, stretching himself out towards David, who gripped the arm extended to him with one hand while with the other he held on to Bob's hair.

"Bully for you, ole chap," said the man

The Light in the Window

in the boat, as he dragged the gasping lighterman towards him. "You be a plucky one, whoever you be. I wouldn't ha' took that header o' yours not to save my own father. You get in; I got him all right," added the speaker, taking hold of Bob Morley. Other strong arms seized the gallant Davy, who with some difficulty was heaved up into the dinghy, half swamping it with the water from his clothes.

To get poor Bob was a harder job still. He showed no signs of consciousness, and lay like a log in the water. They shipped him at last, however, though they almost upset the dinghy in doing it, and then, with the small craft heavily overladen with a cox'n and three oarsmen and the two saturated waifs, the boat was put about, and they made for the steamer for the skipper's orders. The ship had been kept going very gently up-stream to prevent her drifting, and all the while they were getting the two men into the boat they had been swiftly carried down by the tide and wind, so that there was a good half-mile to row back again, and while they were going there was no possibility of doing anything for the unconscious man. It was a hard pull and a long pull, but they reached the *Lucky Lass* at length, and after some little delay the captain, a humane man who did not like to send them in quest of help on shore, dropped a rope "chair" over the ship's side into which Davy tied his chum, and he was hauled up on to the deck. Here they did for the poor fellow everything they knew how to do. In their untutored ignorance they held him upside down, they squeezed his chest, and blew into his mouth, and rolled him on casks, and they tried to pour brandy down his throat. But it was all in vain. Poor Bob was dead, and the inquest two days after showed that in passing from under the keel of the ship the blade of the screw had probably dealt him a blow that had gone far to knock the life out of him, and had whirled him out astern too battered and breathless for the fierce struggle that alone might have saved him.

* * * * *

Margaret Kronrath sat alone in her prettily furnished little sitting-room, placidly reading. It was hardly seven o'clock in the morning. She always liked to get a quiet hour before breakfast. It strengthened and calmed her for the day, and was almost the only time in which she could be free from interruption. A bright little

copper kettle simmered cheerily on the hob, and the firelight sparkled on a dainty little breakfast-service that had been laid the over-night. The philanthropic Quakeress sat with the mellow light of a reading lamp falling on her book and her quiet serious face—a very peaceful and pleasant figure to look in upon in that district of squalor and poverty, which she had long ago voluntarily chosen as a sphere of benevolent ministry. Margaret Kronrath had got through scarcely half her reading when her maid came in to say that a man wished to see her, and the next minute David Buchanan was ushered in, looking more than usually rough and gaunt.

"Good-morning to thee, friend," said the lady, in answer to David's gruff salutation, and laying down her book, "thee art an early visitor."

"Yes, miss," said David. "Sorry to trouble ye so early, but there's been a terrible bad job in the night, and I wants you to do some't."

"Sit down, friend, and tell me all about it," responded Margaret Kronrath, the sweet placid face of her taking a graver expression.

David seated himself with the awkward diffidence of one unaccustomed to carpeted rooms and cushioned seats, and with the uncouth abruptness of a man of his class he proceeded to tell of the tragedy of the night, but without a word of his own share in it.

"And ye know, ma'am," concluded Davy, "he got a wife and two little 'uns, and somebody's got to tell 'er."

A shadow of deep pain and weariness stole over the lady's face as she sat with an elbow on the arm of her chair, and her broad smooth brow resting on the tips of her fingers.

"Poor soul, poor dear soul!" she ejaculated softly. "I must go to her."

"Thank'e, miss. I thought maybe you 'ould," said Davy, with reverence in his eyes. "You'd do it more gentler like, if you wouldn't mind."

"Thee'll have a cup of coffee, David Buchanan, and then we'll go," said Margaret Kronrath, touching the bell. "It was a fearful night to be out on the river. I do wonder they send men out in such nights."

"Been out many a wuss, ma'am," said Davy.

"Yes, probably thee may have been.

The Light in the Window

I've heard the men say that nothing stops them but fog."

"And that don't al'ays," said Davy. "I been out afore now single-handed in a fog as thick as pea-soup, and the night as black as my hat. A fortnight ago I was out in a fog 'alf the night, and the deck o' the barge like a sheet o' hice, and a strong tide a-runnin'."

"Dear, dear! No wonder lives are lost. Why must this lightering so often be done at night?"

Davy gave a bitter little sardonic laugh. "Comes cheaper nor day," he said, "and men's lives don't count when eighteen-pence can be saved."

"Eighteen-pence?" said the lady.

Davy nodded. "If we be out for a day," he said, "the pay's five and six; but if we does the same job at night, it's four bob—four shillin's—I beg pardon."

"Is that really so?" asked Margaret Kronrath, meditatively. "Is that why so much of this work is done at night?"

"One reason," said Davy. "That barge was layin' up at 'Ammersmith all day yesterday, and might ha' come down on the mornin' tide, and Bob Morley 'd be at 'ome with his wife and young 'uns now, instead o' bein' in that dead-'ouse. On'y the two on us 'ould ha' cost another three shillin's."

The gentle Quakeress sat silent, looking thoughtful and distressed. "Poor Morley has been found then?" she asked at length.

"Yes, ma'am," said Davy, shyly taking the cup of coffee offered him, and clumsily fingering the toast. "The skipper o' the barque sent a dinghy and picked 'im up. But 'e was quite dead. I half guessed as much when they first turned a light on him."

"Thee was with them, then?" said the Quakeress, in a tone of slight surprise. "I thought thee was on thy barge."

Davy looked a little confused under the interrogating scrutiny of those quiet eyes. He could not help being conscious of having done an action botn brave and magnanimous, but it was not in Davy's nature to trumpet his own doings, and he would rather not have mentioned his own share in the business. He had, however, none of the mental dexterity which would have enabled him to evade a full explanation, and he looked shy and awkward, and made a confused and contradictory statement, such as the candid soul of the Quakeress

instinctively detested. It instantly flashed upon her recollection that in time past she had heard of some rivalry between these two men, and she was smitten with a great fear lest something more than a pure accident had occurred.

"David Buchanan," she said, in a voice and manner gentle and placid as ever, but with a certain stern directness, "I hope thee art telling me the whole truth in this matter?"

David's embarrassment was not dispelled by this question, and the keen scrutiny of the penetrating eyes fixed upon him, and while he was cudgelling his dull wits to find some suitable way of putting the whole truth, Margaret Kronrath's fears were strengthened, and she instantly resolved to ascertain what had really happened from another source. David had incidentally mentioned in connection with the matter a police inspector whom she knew. She resolved to call in upon him on her way to the widow.

"Thee hadst better go and put thyself near Mrs. Morley's house, and keep away everybody till I come," she said, with some coldness of manner of which Davy was fully conscious, and rising as she spoke. "I'll be there in a quarter of an hour."

Five minutes later she was hearing the complete story from the inspector, who had seen the pilot and captain, and the heart of the Quakeress was all aglow with admiration of the young fellow whose embarrassment she now quite understood.

When Margaret Kronrath came up to Davy on guard, he saw at once, even before she spoke, that it was all right with him again.

"I won't go in, ma'am," he said. "There's one little thing as I'd like to say."

"Well, what is it, David?"

The rough lighterman was again very much embarrassed. He had something to say but he did not know how to put it.

"They be two pretty kids o' Bob's," he stammered at length. "I al'ays liked 'em."

"Poor little dears!" said the lady, with eyes glistening with tears.

"I was a-thinkin' as 'ow—as 'ow—I might bring you some't every week to keep 'em—if—if you didn't mind the trouble o' givin' it to 'er. On'y you mustn't let 'er know it's me."

The Quakeress was not more struck by the offer than with the delicacy of feeling shown by the great rough fellow in his

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mode of making it. She looked at him in silence for a moment.

"But how long would thee do this, friend?" she asked.

"As long as it's wanted, ma'am," said Davy. "You see I ain't got none o' my own, and I ain't like to 'ave. I on'y got myself to keep, and I can make plenty."

The lady paused for a moment, and looked thoughtfully down the street. And then she turned to him and held out her hand.

"David," she said, "I did thee wrong in my thoughts this morning. I have heard the whole story from Inspector Rayne, and I find thou art a true-hearted lad, and as brave as thou art true. God bless thee, David Buchanan! Come and see me later in the day, and we'll talk more about it."

It was the first time David Buchanan had ever shaken hands with a real lady, as folks called Miss Kronrath. He took the little gloved hand in his great coarse fist, and looked as though he did not know what to do with it, while he blushed like a girl at the praises showered upon him.

Margaret Kronrath hastened away, leaving David looking after her in a strange medley of feeling. Never in all his hard life had anybody said anything quite so pleasant to him, and Davy was all aglow with the delightful appreciation; and yet somehow the honest soul of the man had an uncomfortable sense that he did not altogether deserve it. What would the good Quakeress have thought of him, if she could have known how he had exulted as he saw the black head of his mate drifting away in that fearsome midnight river? True, his better self had triumphed; he had really risked his life to save his mate, and he knew that under similar circumstances he would do it again. And yet for the life of him he somehow could not feel the sorrow for poor Bob that he believed he ought to feel, and presently when he turned and walked away with his hands in his pockets, it was not with the consciousness of a man who mourned an old mate. It was with the look of a man still exulting, and in his eyes the strange bright light of a great hope.

* * * * *

It was still early morning—early at least for Margaret Kronrath to be making calls, and when the newly-bereaved young widow opened the door to her, it was with surprise not unmingled with apprehension of some-

thing the matter that she looked at the Quaker lady's face. There was nothing very alarming in Bob's not coming home all night. It was not an unusual thing in busy times for a lighterman who had spent a great part of the night in taking a barge up or down the river to be met at his journey's end by a watchman, who would hand him a slip of paper ordering him off to some other point to set out on another job. It is a very hard life these men lead, and it is not an unusual thing for a lighterman to be out on the river for five-and-twenty or thirty hours at a stretch.

It was no uncommon thing for Bob to be out all night, and far into the next day, but when the young mother, as yet all unconscious of her widowhood, opened the door of her room and found herself confronted by the grave face of the Quakeress, full of pain and pity, and at so unusual an hour too, she was seized with a vague apprehension of something amiss.

"Good-morning, Effie," said Margaret Kronrath, placidly as ever, but with a certain mournful earnestness that did not escape Effie's notice. "I want to talk with thee. May I come in?"

At the young woman's eager invitation the visitor passed in, and was inexpressibly touched by what she saw. The small, poorly-furnished room looked as clean and cheery as her own; a bright fire shone out from the well-polished grate, the hearth was carefully whitened, a pair of big slippers were warming in the fender, the kettle was simmering and the breakfast was laid for the weary home-returning lighterman, and, most touching of all, the two children, clean and bright as two little new pins, had been carefully dressed in readiness for father when he came home.

"Dadda's comin'," said the elder child without any preamble, as the visitor came in. "See nice clean pinny—and toast," said the child, pointing to an inverted plate covering another down in the fender.

The little thing's prattle fairly broke down poor Margaret. She dropped on a chair, and, unable to speak, took the mother's hand, while the tears that could not be kept back rolled down her kindly face.

"Not ky when dadda comes home," said the child, reproachfully shaking her sunny little head. "Naughty to ky."

"My poor little darling!" sobbed the Quakeress, and then the young mother fully realised the meaning of that early visit.

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"Something's happened to Bob!" she said half hysterically.

Margaret Kronrath exerted all her self-control, and wiped the tears from her face. "Thee must prepare thyself for bad news, Effie," she said, falling back on what she had been carefully rehearsing as she had come along, though circumstances had completely anticipated it.

"He ain't drowned?" demanded the woman wildly. It was of course the first thing to occur to a lighterman's wife. To the men themselves, familiar as they are with the special dangers of their calling, it does not, perhaps, often occur very definitely as a probability, that they will one night plump into the ghastly region of mud and mystery, and never come up again, though even they in reflective moments seem profoundly impressed with the weird horrors of the under-water by night. They will tell each other gruesome stories of deep holes and dark corners far down beneath the treacherous surface into which the swirl of the tide sucks the bodies of its victims to everlasting night and loathsome decay. It is not, however, very often that the men think of such things. But to the women who lie o' nights and listen to the roaring wind, with the care of the little ones and the safety of the home always on their hearts, it is the one haunting spectre of their lives—that dark, silent river into which a slip of the foot, a false stroke of the oar, a momentary error of judgment, may hurl the breadwinner with a sullen splash, and then—the dead-house or the everlasting mystery of the oozy river-bed.

"He ain't drowned, he ain't dead?" cried the mother, and she clutched up the little chatterbox, and pressed her frantically to her bosom.

"My poor child! my poor child!" said the Quakeress, putting her arm round the young woman, "thee must be brave and patient. God 'll take care of thee."

"No, He won't, He won't!" cried the woman passionately, with dry staring eyes. "Why do He give us these poor little mites, and then take the father away from 'em? Oh, what can I do? what can I do?" she moaned, and then burst into a flood of tears, and sank in a half-fainting condition on to the floor, Margaret Kronrath catching the child as she slipped from the mother's relaxing clasp.

It was half-an-hour before the first

paroxysm of grief and dismay had spent itself, but by that time the two women were seated side by side, the Quakeress holding Effie's cold, nerveless hand in one of hers, while with the other she stroked the curly head of the fatherless child at her knee. With infinite tact and tenderness she soothed and comforted the distressed young widow, until at length she became to some extent composed and self-possessed.

"I always hated his goin' out at that night-work," said Effie, with a stony gaze into the fire, "but I did feel as he was safer when he was with Davy Buchanan—Davy's such a steady chap."

"They say David Buchanan behaved splendidly," said Margaret Kronrath. "He plunged into the river, and was almost drowned himself in trying to save thy husband."

The widow darted a glance of keen interest at the Quakeress as she said this, and then buried her face in her hands, and sat silent.

"He always was a true friend, was Davy," she said presently.

The Quaker lady mentally noted the widow's appreciation of Davy's good qualities, and when she recalled what the young man himself had said about the children, and his eagerness secretly to help in their maintenance, the thought occurred to her that possibly this disaster might in the long run not be altogether without its compensations. She sat a long time talking with the bereaved woman, and presently, when neighbours came in, eager to show their sympathy with her in the calamity of which they had just heard, she rose to go.

"Thee has been a good wife, Effie, and a good mother," she said at parting. "Thee has done thy duty faithfully and well, and I know thee will do it. Keep a brave heart, put thy trust in God, and He will open thy way before thee. He hath already provided thee one friend. Thee shall have a little help with thy children—nay, thee must ask me no questions. Only put thy trust in the Lord, and bear thy trouble bravely. I'll see thee again before the day is over. Fare thee well."

* * * * *

Twelve months have gone by, and again November winds are shaking the little casement overlooking the Thames foreshore, and again the Stygian stream is rolling swiftly down in pursuit of the retreating salt-water tide. But no beacon-light now

The Light in the Window

sparkles out through the gloom from the widow's bay-window. She still lives where she did, and people round about her say that she bore up in her trouble remarkably well. Some of them, indeed, declare that they always thought Bob was not good enough for her, and are inclined to think she gets along as well without him as with him, though they hardly know how she does it. It is true that she is a clever little needle-woman, and that she has found work that she can do at home, but they do not quite understand how, with the work she does, she manages to get along so comfortably, and to keep her house and her children so nice. It was in truth something of a mystery even to herself. All the year through Margaret Kronrath had brought her with unfailing regularity a subsidy professedly for the benefit of the children, but in reality so substantial in amount that with her own earnings she was really rather better off than when her husband was alive. Where it came from was the mystery. The Quaker lady always parried questions as to the identity of the friend and benefactor, and always took care to impress upon her the desirability of saying nothing about it to anybody.

"Thee art not the only widow round about here, Effie," she would say, "and thee would get me into grievous trouble with some of the others, if thee let it be known I brought thee so much while I can do so little for some of them."

The young mother sometimes was inclined to wonder if it could be David Buchanan, but Davy's behaviour had been rather surprising. He had really made himself far more a stranger than when his mate was alive, and, if the truth must be told, her feminine vanity had been just a little piqued. Not for the world would she have admitted it, but there was actually just a momentary spasm of some feeling of the kind mingled with her admiration for Davy's pluck and staunch friendship when she had heard that he had flung himself into the Thames to save her husband's life. It had always pleased the vain little woman to believe that Davy was breaking his heart for her, and even in the moment of her real and overwhelming distress, the born coquette winced under this proof that Davy's honest manhood was stronger than his infatuation for her.

However, to do her justice, she was very conscious that the feeling was a shameful

one, and though it flashed upon her, she put it away with a feeling of self-condemnation.

But twelve months had gone by—twelve months of quiet and comparatively easy life and devotion to her children. Whatever wound she had received had healed to a very great extent, and she could not help a feeling of resentment at Davy's neglect.

She sat over the fire on this anniversary of her widowhood, listening to the wind and thinking over the shock of that dismal time and the course of the year that had followed. And through all her brooding and pondering the tall muscular figure of David Buchanan stalked in the background, like the ghost of one who had been a particularly real personage in the little drama of her life, but who had somehow faded out of hope and interest, and there was just a touch of bitterness in her thoughts.

But while she sat musing, a heavy foot-fall was heard on the stairs below, and a knock came at her door, and when she opened it, the candle she had taken up from the table shed its feeble yellow light on the ghost of her thoughts, though verily a very substantial-looking ghost.

Effie's heart gave a little leap at the apparition, but coquettish pride immediately asserted itself, and she answered Davy's greeting without any cordiality. Davy, who was shy and awkward, was conscious of the coolness of his reception. However, he went in at her invitation and took a seat, looking a little sheepish and nervous. He sat just on the edge of his chair, and twiddled the hat he held in his hands. Effie looked at him as though she thought it was for him to speak first, and after an awkward pause he did so.

"Then you be all alone, Mrs. Morley," he said.

"Well, I s'pose you can see I am," was the discouraging and not very courteous reply.

"It's jest a twelvemonth since poor Bob went overboard," remarked Davy.

"Yes," said the little woman, drawing herself up with just a slight stiffening of her shapely person, "and, thank God, I ain't been beholden to nobody."

A close observer might have detected a gleam of grim humour in the lighterman's face.

"You was al'ays a fust-rate manager, Mrs. Morley," he said good-humouredly.

"Well, it ain't as I have had many

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friends to stand by me," was the retort. "Some o' them as I thought might ha' been a bit friendly and neighbourly have took care to keep at a distance. Perhaps they thought I wanted something of 'em."

David's stolid face again lighted up with a gleam of amusement. He was not very good at repartee, however, and again there was an awkward pause.

"I used ter think as you liked me a bit," he said at length, feeling it necessary to be coming to business.

"I dunno," said Effie, with an air of indifference. "If I did, it's so long ago I can't remember."

Davy looked as though he was stumped, and twiddled his hat more nervously than ever. He evidently found love-making a plaguy awkward business.

"I s'pose you don't like me now?" he inquired at length, very timidly.

"'Ow can I tell?" pettishly returned the smart little widow, "when I ain't seen nothing of ye for goodness knows how long?"

"Well, ye know, Effie, I thought I didn'toughter come foolin' round so soon after poor Bob was gone."

"You might ha' looked in now and again to see how I was gettin' on," said Effie resentfully.

Davy began to feel encouraged. He thought he could see how the land lay, and he ventured to hitch his chair a little nearer.

"Now keep off, Dav'," said the fair tormentor, beginning to whimper. "I ain't goin' to have no foolin', and poor Bob only gone twelve months this very night."

Effie had a pair of pretty little hands, and with the handkerchief to her eyes and her natty little head bent in grief, she presented an appearance that touched Davy in his tenderest part.

"Don't cry, Effie," he said, hitching his chair up still closer, and trying to get hold of one of her hands. "A twelvemonth's a long time."

"It ain't no time at all," said Effie, snatching away her hand and drawing back her chair.

"Anyway it seemed a terrible stretch to



THERE OVER THE HEADS OF THE SLEEPING INNOCENTS DAVID AND EFFIE PLIGHTED THEIR TROTH

a chap as was lovin' ye all the while, Effie."

"Get along, Dav', you didn't," said Effie. "If you did, why did—why didn't ye come round and see me oftener? 'Ow did ye know as me and the little ones wasn't a-starvin'?"

"Oh, I knowed all about that," said David. "I knowed as you wasn't a starvin'."

A sudden thought seemed to strike the widow. She dropped the handkerchief that

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had aided her pretence of weeping, and looked David straight in the face.

"Was it you, Dav', as sent me that money?" she asked.

There was a guilty look about the young lighterman's face, but he would not own up. If she had any questions to ask, he said, she must ask them of Margaret Kronrath.

"Well, now, if it wasn't you, Dav', 'ow did you know as it was Margaret Kronrath as paid it me? come, now."

Davy saw that he had given himself away, and looked extremely foolish.

"Oh, Dav', it was good of ye," said Effie, in grateful admiration. "And I been braggin' as I didn't want nobody's help!" she said, breaking into a merry laugh that Davy thought even more fascinating than her tears.

Her lover had fairly got his arms about her by this time, and she was submitting unresistingly. "But you know, Dav', I got two children. You remember that."

"God bless 'em!" ejaculated Davy fervidly. "Remember 'em! I should think I do. Why, I wants them, Effie, almost as much as I wants you. Where be they? Let's 'ave a look at 'em."

The bright-eyed, blushing young mother took the light and led the way to the side of her children's cot, and there over the heads of the sleeping innocents David and Effie plighted their troth; and before the turn of the new year the light in the old bay-window again sparkled out across the gloom, whenever David Buchanan was afloat in the darkness.

The Patriotism of Shakespeare

BY THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON

BORN when Queen Elizabeth had been six years on the throne, Shakespeare was thirty-nine when she died; and he lived through thirteen years of the reign of James I. His youth and manhood were inspired by the glories of Elizabeth's age. He was twenty-four when bells rang and bonfires blazed for the defeat of the Spanish Armada; he knew the exploits of the great discoverers. It was to be expected that a genius so universally sympathetic and perceptive would show a sublime love of his great country. And so it is. So thoroughly did he understand the English nature, so completely did he throw himself into the spirit of great Englishmen, that the words of John of Gaunt, the Bastard of Faulconbridge, of Henry V., of Richmond, and of Cranmer (if *Henry VIII.* is accepted as Shakespeare's), ring with truths that are applicable to all time, are as descriptive of the age of Victoria as of those to which they refer, and are as inspiring to the countrymen of Wellington and Nelson, Wolseley and Roberts, as in the days of Lord Howard of Effingham, Drake, Frobisher, and Raleigh.

We thrill with inexpressible love for the country to which we have the privilege to belong when we read the matchless

words of John of Gaunt; and we think of days of incompetence, mismanagement, and short-sightedness when we have his closing lament:

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself,
Against infection (invasion) and the hand of war,

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
(For Christian service and true chivalry),
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son;—
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, I die pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege

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Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with
shame,

With inky blots and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself!
Oh, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!"

Richard II.

Never more truly than in the present time, when we pay the bill for our enormous navy, has it been possible to echo the words of Hastings in 3 *Henry VI.*:

"Let us be backed with God, and with the seas,
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies."

How finely does Shakespeare describe the true policy of a great nation in the words of the Bastard to King John! There is no Jingoism, only the truest wisdom and good sense, in refusing to give in to threats and tremors. We think alike of the folly of Majuba Hill, when the attack was allowed to surge over the top before resistance was offered, and the retreating policy which followed, and which has already cost the country the one hundred and fifty-three millions and the thousands of precious lives of the present war:

"But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behaviour from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Show boldness and aspiring confidence.

What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble
there?

Oh, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh."

Would that the whole country, again, could hear the Bastard on the misery of factions, and take the lesson to heart in a united foreign policy, even if we cannot all get our own way:

"This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,"

But when it first did help to wound itself.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make
us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

With what sympathy the great poet describes the eagerness of the young men of England of all ranks to enlist for Henry V.'s campaign in France! and how exactly it corresponds to the ardour of the same classes all over the Empire during the past two years!

"Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings
(knights),
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee
do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!"

The stirring harangue of Henry V. to his troops before Harfleur gives the whole spirit of the immortal marches to the relief of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking:

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once
more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!

Dishonour not your mothers: now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget
you!

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war! And you, good
yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us
here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I
doubt not;

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For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, 'God for Harry, England, and St. George!'"

Henry V.

The conduct of our soldiers in South Africa, in never knowing when they were beaten, gives a delightful sound to the French description of the tenacity of the English at the siege of Orleans:

"Reignier.

Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alençon.

Froissart, a countryman of ours, records
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean, raw-boned rascals! who would e'er sup-

pose

They had such courage and audacity?

Charles.

Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brained
slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more
eager;

Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the
siege.

Reignier.

I think by some odd gimmicks (machinery) or
device

Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone."

1 Henry VI., I. ii.

The spirited description of the return of the troops of Henry V. after his victories in France is almost a prophecy of London's welcome to the C.I.V.s:

"But now behold

In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in."

Henry V., V. Chorus.

The satisfaction of having taken part in a great effort for the defence of the country and its interests, a satisfaction felt now

in thousands of homes throughout the Empire, and a counterpoise to the wide-spread sorrow for the loss of friends, is admirably sketched in Henry V.'s speech to his soldiers before the battle of Agincourt:

"He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not
here;

And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any
speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

But Shakespeare was no lover of war for war's sake. He knew its cost and its horrors, and his visions of peace are quite as forcible as his sympathy with courage. Here is a ringing prophecy of peace and prosperity from Richmond (Henry VII.), the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth, the great-grandfather of James I.:

"England hath long been mad, and scarred herself;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his own son,
The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire:

Oh, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true successors of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if Thy will be so!)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced
peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of
blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's
peace.

The Patriotism of Shakespeare

Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again;
That she may long live here, God say Amen!"

In the same key I will close with Cranmer's prophecy at the baptism of Queen Elizabeth. Some critics tell us that *Henry VIII.* is by an inferior hand, but it is always printed with Shakespeare's works, and has some speeches of great beauty. The phrases go to our hearts, as suggesting a better and perhaps greater queen than Queen Elizabeth:

"This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse
her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be loved and feared: her own shall
bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows
with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants: and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by
blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as
when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,

Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of
darkness)

Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she
was,

And so stand fixed: peace, plenty, love, truth,
terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall
flourish,

And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—our children's
children

Shall see this, and bless heaven. . . .

She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess: many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more!—but she must
die,

She must, the saints must have her,—yet a
virgin,

A most unspotted lily, shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn
her."

The passages I have quoted remind us how thoroughly the great poet knew the needs, the weaknesses, the greatness of England, and the character of Englishmen, and how with all his heart he loved and cherished both. When patriotism is so discriminating and unselfish, it is one of the noblest spurs to high aims and great achievements. May that be the permanent character of the patriotism aroused by the present war!



Reminiscences of Westminster

BY WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM

Illustrated by the Author's Photographs

WESTMINSTER has from the earliest times occupied a pre-eminent position as the centre of English government; and it will be interesting to recall some of the associations of the might and majesty of England, together with the pathos of not a few of the tragedies of her history which are indissolubly connected with the district immediately contiguous to the Houses of Parliament, especially in view of the vast alterations which are about to be made there.

A scheme is on foot by which it is proposed to alter the course of Abingdon Street and Millbank Street, and to make a new thoroughfare seventy feet wide, starting from a point which will involve the demolition of the corner house of Old Palace Yard, and running thence diagonally to a point nearer the end of Lambeth Bridge than at present. It is proposed further to purchase some of the surrounding property; to lay out the land between Millbank Street and the river, in addition to the Victoria Tower Garden, and to build offices and residential houses in wider streets, which are to be formed on the land between Millbank Street and St. John's Church. It is estimated that the purchase of the property for the scheme will involve an expenditure of £1,189,000, and that the value of the recoupment will be £789,000, leaving the net cost £400,000. In addition, there will be the cost of constructing the granite-faced embankment, making roads, etc., bringing up the total to £530,000.

When these alterations have been completed, together with those which are now in progress at the corner of Parliament Street, in connection with the new Government offices—the total cost of the latter, including the purchase of the old houses, will probably be upwards of £2,000,000—the Westminster of the past will have to a large extent disappeared, and a new district will rise phoenix-like out of the ashes of the old one. In these days slum property and filthy thoroughfares are invariably associated with the poorest localities in the East End, and it is difficult to imagine that the precincts of the Legislature and

the venerable Abbey were, less than one hundred and fifty years ago, not only noted for their filth, but were also frequented by the scum of society. This is shown by the fact that in the House of Lords in 1741, when Lord Tyreconnel moved for leave to bring in a Bill "for the better paving and cleansing the streets within the city of Westminster and the liberties thereof, and for preventing nuisances therein," he said:

"It is impossible, sir, to come to this assembly, or to return from it, without observations on the present condition of the streets of Westminster. . . . The filth of some parts of the town, and the inequality and ruggedness of others, cannot but in the eyes of foreigners disgrace our nation, and incline them to imagine us a people not only without delicacy, but without Government—a herd of barbarians, or a colony of Hottentots."

Even when the kings and queens used to pass to and from Whitehall in order to visit the famous cockpit, the bear garden, the tilt yard, the bowling green or tennis court, they were frequently exposed to danger, for the roads were so narrow, and in such fearful condition, that coaches, carts and pedestrians often got jammed together, while the criminals from Thieving Lane close by, aided at intervals in their nefarious practices by Dick Turpin (who with his famous mare, Black Bess, lodged in an obscure court a few hundred yards away), and other masked highwaymen, were, especially after dark, a source of terror to the inhabitants.

According to some authorities Abingdon Street is said to commemorate the name of Mary Abingdon, sister of Lord Montague, the lady to whom is ascribed the famous letter which resulted in the discovery of the conspiracy of a number of English Roman Catholics to destroy King James I. and his parliament, by blowing up the Legislative buildings with gunpowder on November 5, 1605. It will be remembered that the conspirators secreted their barrels in a vault which ran from a house in the south-east corner of Palace Yard, and that before the plot could be carried



1. LAMBETH BRIDGE, WHERE THE OLD HORSE-FERRY WAS SITUATED. JAMES II. AND HIS QUEEN CROSSED THE RIVER HERE AND ESCAPED TO FRANCE.
2. MILLBANK STREET, WHERE THE MAIL-COACHES USED TO BE DRIVEN IN ANNUAL PROCESSION.
3. ARINGDON STREET. IN A VAULT CONNECTED WITH ONE OF THE HOUSES WHICH STOOD HERE THE CONSPIRATORS HID THEIR GUNPOWDER.
5. TATE ART GALLERY, ON THE SITE OF THE OLD MILLBANK PRISON.
9. STREET SCENE IN HORSEFERRY ROAD, SHOWING WOMEN AND CHILDREN DANCING TO THE STRAINS OF BARREL ORGAN.

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into effect, Guy Fawkes, Rookwood, Winter and Keyes were arrested. A few months later they were executed.

In Vine Street—which is now known as Romney Street—vines were cultivated and wines made in the sixteenth century.

The houses in Millbank Street and Abingdon Street were formerly tenanted by peers, statesmen, poets, musicians, etc., and the mail-coaches used to be driven in annual procession by Sir J. Crosse, from Lombard Street to "a house in the middle of Millbank"; while at Horseferry Road, before Westminster Bridge was built, a "ferry" was granted by patent to the Archbishop of Canterbury, empowering him to make the following charges:—For a man and horse, 2s.; horse and chaise, 1s.; coach and two horses, 1s. 6d.; coach and four horses, 2s.; coach and six horses, 2s. 6d.; a laden cart, 2s. 6d.; cart or wagon, 2s. When Westminster Bridge was completed, the Archbishop of Canterbury received over £2000 by way of compensation.

It was from this spot during the troublous times of 1688 that a number of illustrious personages escaped from Whitehall, notably King James and his Queen. St. Victor graphically describes the event in his "Narrative of the Escape of the Queen of England." He says: "The night was wet and stormy, and so dark that when we got into the boat we could not see each other, though we were closely seated, for the boat was very small." Thus "with only one frail plank between her and eternity" did Her Majesty cross the swollen waters, her tender infant of six months old in her arms, with no better attendants than his nurses, and having no other escort than Count de Lauzun and St. Victor, the latter of whom admits feeling "an extreme terror" at the peril. When they reached the other side the coach was still at an inn close by. St. Victor went to "hasten" it, leaving Lauzun to protect the Queen. Her Majesty and her small company in the meantime sheltered themselves under the walls of Lambeth old church, and eventually the party were conveyed to Gravesend, where a yacht was ready to take them to France. They reached Calais in safety. Two days later, says Count de Lauzun, "the King, attended by Sir E. Hales, who was waiting for him, descended the back stairs, and crossing Privy Gardens, as the Queen had done two

nights before, proceeded to the Horse-ferry, and crossed the Thames in a little boat with a single pair of oars, to Vauxhall. He threw the Great Seal into the river, by the way; but it was afterwards recovered in a net cast at random by some fishermen." Eventually he succeeded in joining his consort.

Tothill Fields, which lie between Millbank and Westminster Abbey, were at one time noted for the many remarkable "entertainments" which took place there. Those who were caught practising the art of necromancy and witchcraft were punished there, while duels were fought, and "royal solemnities and goodly jousts" were held at that spot. This particular locality also obtained an unenviable notoriety at the time of the Great Plague by the erection there of what were known as the "five houses," or "seven chimneys"—pest-houses for victims of the plague. A fair, which had for many years been held in St. Margaret's churchyard, was removed to Tothill Fields at the end of the thirteenth century. The last duel which took place there was in 1711, between Sir Cholmley Dering and a Mr. Thornhill. Swift was informed of the tragic scene by Dr. Freind, who was present, and thus records the fight: "They fought with sword and pistol this morning (May 9), in Tuttle Fields, the pistols so near that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first, and Dering having received the shot discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went in the air." He adds: "This makes a noise here, but you don't value it." The sequel to this duel was even more tragic, for writing on August 21 in the same year, Swift says: "Thornhill, who killed Sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men at Turnham Green last Monday night; as they stabbed him they bade him remember Sir Cholmley Dering!"

Within a stone's throw of Horseferry Road is the Tate Art Gallery, which was recently erected on the site formerly occupied by Millbank Prison. This was the largest Penitentiary in London, affording accommodation for 1100 prisoners. Every convict sentenced to penal servitude in Great Britain was conveyed to Millbank, where he spent the first few months of his imprisonment. Many notable convicts since the reign of George III. have been imprisoned here, including the Tichborne claimant, who remained within its walls for the first



3. DEAN'S YARD, SHOWING PLAYGROUND BELONGING TO WESTMINSTER SCHOOL, WHERE MANY OF ENGLAND'S GREATEST MEN HAVE, WHEN BOYS, ENJOYED RECREATION.
6. THE SANCTUARY AS IT APPEARS NOW.
7. STATUE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.
8. ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, SHOWING THE CHURCHYARD WHERE FAIRS USED TO BE HELD.

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six months of his fourteen years of penal servitude.

Although there are many sacred edifices both in England and on the Continent which are hallowed by the dust of the illustrious dead, notably the church of Santa Croce in Florence, there is no building in the world which for the wealth of its historic associations can be compared to the venerable Abbey at Westminster—that silent Valhalla of our national heroes. It would, however, require several articles to describe the “Great Temple of Silence” and the memories which are enshrined in its history; and the same observation applies with equal force to “the Hall of Rufus”—Westminster Hall—and St. Margaret’s Church. I will therefore proceed to deal with some of the most interesting places in the vicinity of the Abbey. It is remarkable, considering the important part the Sanctuary has played in the history of England, what a small number of people, comparatively speaking, know what it signifies. It is now, in fact, nothing more than a name to the general body of Londoners; but in Norman times the right of sanctuary in the metropolis meant protection to criminals and debtors from arrest. There was a general Sanctuary belonging to all churches; another granted by royal charter to particular places.

Stow says, “The general Sanctuary afforded a refuge to those only who had been guilty of capital felonies. On reaching it, the felon was bound to declare that he had committed felony, and come to save his life. By the common law of England, if a person guilty of felony (excepting sacrilege) fled to a parish church or churchyard for sanctuary, he might, within forty days afterwards, go clothed in sackcloth before the coroner, confess the full particulars of his guilt, and take an oath to abjure the kingdom for ever; swearing not to return unless the King’s licence were granted to him to do so. Upon making his confession and taking his oath, he became attainted of the felony; he had forty days, from the day of his appearance before the coroner, allowed him to prepare for his departure, and the coroner assigned him such port as he chose for his embarkation, whither the felon was bound to repair immediately, with a cross in his hand, and to embark with all convenient speed. If he did not go directly out of the kingdom, or if he afterwards returned into England

without licence, he was condemned to be hanged, unless he happened to be a clerk, in which case he was allowed the benefit of clergy.”

A peculiar Sanctuary might afford a place of refuge even to those who had committed treason, and a person escaping there might remain undisturbed for life. The “Seyntwary before the Abbey” consisted of two churches, one built over the other, and the criminals were not allowed to leave the precincts without a Dean’s licence, or between sunset and sunrise. The Sanctuary was under the protection of the Abbot and monks, and within its walls Edward V. was “born in sorrow and baptised like a poor man’s child.” Sir T. More in his *Pitiful Life of King Edward V.* gives an account of the taking of sanctuary by the widow of Edward IV.

In the reign of Richard II. Judge Tresilian fled to the Sanctuary, but was dragged from the sacred building and taken to Tyburn (Park Lane), where he was hanged. In 1441 the Duchess of Gloucester, who was accused of witchcraft and treason, was denied refuge, and about twenty years later Lord Scales was murdered on the Thames while endeavouring to get to “the city of refuge.” Although the Sanctuary was inaugurated by the Roman Catholics, the privileges survived the Reformation, and the buildings were not demolished until 1750. The offices of the National Society, the Guildhall, and the Westminster Hospital now occupy the site of the Sanctuary.

One of the most famous thoroughfares in Westminster was King Street, which has recently been demolished to make room for the new Government offices now in course of erection. Like all the ancient roadways in London, it was extremely narrow, and when the royal state coach conveying the King or Queen to Parliament passed through it (Parliament Street was not then in existence), faggots had to be thrown into the ruts to enable the horses to pull the vehicle, and to minimise the tremendous oscillation. Owing to its close proximity to the court and the Legislature, and also to the famous cockpit erected by King Henry VIII., which was patronised by the *élite* of the aristocracy, King Street was formerly one of the most fashionable quarters in the metropolis. It was also noted for its coffee-houses and hostels. Among those who have at various times occupied houses in King Street may be

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mentioned Lord Howard of Effingham, Thomas Carew, Charles I.'s court poet, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards the well-known Earl of Dorset, and many other peers. Spenser, the poet, died here in the most abject poverty, and—such is the irony of fate—as soon as it became publicly known that the author of “the Faery Queen” had breathed his last, the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's great favourite, agreed to bear the whole expense of the funeral. Spenser was buried in the Abbey; his obsequies were attended by a brilliant company; and a costly monument was erected over his grave; whereas had he been able to get the bare necessities of life, it is not improbable that he would have written other poems which would have been a source of enjoyment to thousands still unborn.

Cromwell at one time had a house in King Street, and when he became Lord Protector he granted his mother the suite of rooms which he had occupied. When she died here, Cromwell, against her wishes, had her remains interred in the Abbey, and Mr. Noble, in his *Memoirs of the Cromwell Family*, states that the funeral was carried out “with great solemnity, and attended by many hundred torches, though it was daylight.”

Various accounts have been given from time to time as to the placing of Cromwell's head on Westminster Hall, after the remains had been dug up from their burial-place at Tyburn, but according to a letter which appeared in *The Times* in 1874, “Ireton's head was in the middle, and Cromwell's and Bradshaw's on either side. Cromwell's head being embalmed, remained exposed to the atmosphere for twenty-five years, and then one stormy night it was blown down, and picked up by the sentry, who, hiding it under his cloak, took it home and secreted it in the chimney corner, and, as inquiries were being constantly made about it by the Government, it was only on his death-bed that he revealed where he had hidden it. His family sold the head to one of the Cambridgeshire Russells, and in the same box in which it still is, it descended to a certain Samuel Russell, who, being a needy and careless man,

exhibited it in a place near Clare Market. There it was seen by James Cox, who then owned a famous museum. He tried in vain to buy the head from Russell; for, poor as he was, nothing would tempt him to part with the relic, but after a time Cox assisted him with money, and eventually, to clear himself from debt, he made the head over to Cox. When Cox at last parted with his museum he sold the head of Cromwell for £230 to three men, who bought it about the time of the French Revolution, to exhibit in Mead Court, Bond Street, at half-a-crown a head. Curiously enough, it happened that each of these gentlemen died a sudden death, and the head came into the possession of the three nieces of the last man who died. These young ladies, nervous at keeping it in the house, asked Mr. Wilkinson, their medical man, to take care of it for them, and they subsequently sold it to him. For the next fifteen or twenty years Mr. Wilkinson was in the habit of showing it to all the distinguished men of that day, and the head, much treasured, yet remains in the family.” A correspondent of *The Globe*, writing in the same year, believed, on the other hand, that “the body of Cromwell, after being removed from the Abbey, was buried in Red Lion Square, and another body substituted and sent on to Tyburn with Ireton and Bradshaw.” He added that “the embalmed head is now in the possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson, Sevenoaks, Kent.”

Dean's Yard, the playground of the Westminster scholars, is chiefly noted for having afforded the means of recreation to a large number of boys who afterwards became famous, including Gibbon, Warren Hastings, Ben Jonson, Cowley, Dryden, Cowper, Southey, and Sir C. Wren, while in the houses surrounding “the Green” have resided a number of eminent men, chiefly theologians.

Every part of Westminster is sacred ground, for the history of England during the past thousand years is indissolubly connected with this famous city, and the events which have taken place there have largely contributed to the England of the present day.



Coronations of Yesterday and the Day Before

BY MARY E. PALGRAVE

THE Englishmen of to-day have seen and enjoyed many pageants in which Royalty has played the leading part. Public thanksgivings, funerals, weddings, openings of Parliament have passed on their stately way, watched by thousands of delighted eyes. The Monarch has gone to be wedded, to be buried, has opened the national assembly, has given public thanks for mercies received, with all conceivable pomp and circumstance. But a Coronation has been scarcely seen by living Englishmen. It is only the oldest among us—a daily diminishing few—who can recall the young Queen passing by in her tender, blushing grace to receive the homage of her people. Sixty-five years have gone since Victoria was crowned, and what Horace Walpole called "the finest sight in the world" was last beheld in our midst.

We are now on the eve of another Coronation. Another link will soon be forged in the series of what Dean Stanley calls "the most continuous succession of events that the Abbey has witnessed." Edward the Seventh will set forth from his royal palace to take his place in the Confessor's chair; to receive St. Edward's crown upon his brows and grasp the dove-crowned sceptre in his hand. Westminster Abbey is once again closed to the public. Its walls ring with the blows of the workman's hammer, instead of with chanted psalm and soaring anthem. The streets through which the Sovereign will pass are vying with each other in the schemes of their decorations. Thousands are busy with preparations of every sort. Every one is excited and eager. Anticipation is hard at work; and with anticipation comes reminiscence. We try to recall what "our fathers have told us" of the crowning of King George, King William, and our late beloved Queen, that we may know what to expect on the coming occasion.

Here are some extracts from the private letters of two persons who were, the one a child and the other a girl of twenty, when George IV. was crowned, and who witnessed different parts of the pageant, and took pains to describe what they saw for the interest and pleasure of those at home.

Both, it should be said, were clever and observant people, possessing intelligence and sympathy beyond the common; but who has not had exceptionally clever people among their forbears? Let the drawers and cupboards be ransacked, and the musty papers brought to light. Among them will surely be found descriptions of those pageants which, beyond all others, are dear to the hearts and eyes of the British people.

The description we will first give is that of an old lady who was born at Westminster in 1808, and was just past her thirteenth birthday when she beheld the Coronation procession of George IV. pass from the Palace of Westminster to the Abbey and back again. Little Anne R—— and her sister and brother were in luck in that month of July, and must have been envied by all their less fortunate child-friends. Their father was an important officer of the House of Commons, and lived in an official house in New Palace Yard, whence much was to be seen on an occasion like the one in question. At the time of the Coronation he was in the act of shifting his quarters from the house of the Speaker's Secretary to that of the Clerk Assistant of the Table.

"Our new dwelling," she writes, "had its whole front fitted up with tiers of seats, with crimson cloth from top to bottom. One storey was apportioned for our use. The other house was put at the disposal of the Government, and was used as the sleeping-place, the night before, of the Prime Minister—Lord Sidmouth—and the Marquess of Londonderry. The King himself, with his attendants, slept at the Speaker's. Every house on the terrace of New Palace Yard was cased, as ours, with crimson cloth, even on the roofs. I think it must have been at twelve o'clock that the procession was to reach Westminster Abbey. It started from Westminster Hall, and a broad way was raised two feet from the ground and near twenty feet broad, covered with crimson cloth. It had a roof of wood, supported on thin uprights, too high to obscure the procession at all."

In July, when the Coronation took place, the session of Parliament was over, and

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the officials, with their families, were in the country. The letter continues:—"It was a great problem how best to reach your seats in the Abbey and other places that morning; and it was decided in our case that we had better drive up from Epsom very early in the morning, get out of the carriage on the Surrey side of Vauxhall Bridge, take a wherry there and row to the water-gate of our garden terrace. This gate was useful for certain officials connected with the court, who slipped in and out there, without being observed. How well I remember the very early start, at one A.M., with a full moon to light us. There was Mamma, with Frances and Willy, and our two eldest cousins from Landport, dressed in ball attire; their hair to be dressed in London, with curls in paper under hoods. And then the moon frightened the gay young horses, so that handkerchiefs were tied over their blinkers. I remember it was very fine; we took boat at Vauxhall, and reached our garden gate, opening to the Thames, at five A.M., having observed a line of carriages all along Vauxhall Bridge, with ladies in full dress on their way to their places.

"We now passed through the unfurnished house and joined all our friends to whom Papa had given tickets in the outer balcony, three tiers deep. The buzz and brightness of scarlet-liveried men, the Royal Porters and so on of our Royal corner, and every one in full dress, made a scene of unparalleled splendour. In front of us there stood a temporary wooden stable, in which, for many days, had lived the horse of the Champion, with two others, who had been under training to perform their difficult task of backing down the whole length of Westminster Hall, when, after the feast held there (after the King was crowned), the Champion has advanced and thrown down the gauntlet in challenge, and retires, gold goblet in hand. This goblet, which has been presented to him by the King to drink to his health, becomes the Champion's perquisite. The horse had his last practice early that morning, so we had the sight, as far as from the stable to the Hall and back. 'Dymock' was the Champion, an hereditary honour. The Marquess of Anglesea, as Master of the Horse, was one of his escorts; I cannot remember the other—but the Marquess, with his cork leg, rode the same favourite Arab that had carried him at Waterloo, where he left his leg."

It will be remembered that this Coronation was the scene of a strange and painful incident. In the words of Dean Stanley, it "furnished the materials for what was, in fact, a political battle between the King and his people." Lord Eldon, in his letters, mentions the "very uncomfortable feelings and dread" with which those responsible for the management of the day awoke and went to the Abbey. To our little spectator, happily, the episode was merely one of the amusements of the occasion. She knew nothing of the anger, strife and misery that lay behind.

"Another excitement," she continues, "in the early morning, was the driving up of Queen Caroline, who was in London, and desirous to alarm the King her husband and to make a mutiny among the soldiers. Terrible were the yells when she appeared, for people were all so bent upon their sight that it was not a favourable moment for her to make an impression. However, she came in her barouche and four horses and alighted; and very near to our house there was a barrier and a door of fresh deal in it. Up to this she walked, and from above we could plainly see and hear her say aloud, 'Show me to my husband'—whereupon the large porter in scarlet slammed the door and locked it—a terrible moment to everybody. We children received a strong impression from all that was said by our grown-up neighbours. Yells and a few cheers filled the air; rebellion and confusion were expected. The Queen then crossed the platform which was prepared for the procession. During her absence from the carriage a group of the Life Guards surrounded it and turned the horses' heads. No notice was taken of her. She returned to her carriage, pretty much guided to it by the Life Guards; and when she was seated they gathered closely round and guided the route. I believe that she went to the door of Westminster Abbey, Lord Hood being her escort, and there she tried for admittance, presenting a forged ticket; but she failed in her purpose and drove away altogether from the regal scene.

"The procession came out from Westminster Hall, beginning with an elderly lady in white satin with a crimson satin hood on her shoulders, edged with gold lace, in shape like an M.A. Oxford hood, bearing a golden basket from which she strewed flowers. She was the Royal Flower Girl, Miss Fellowes—hers being a Patent office—

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and was followed by eight assistants walking two and two, all beautiful and of high birth, carrying larger baskets between them, and strewing flower leaves. Their white dresses were looped with white roses. Then came the wonderful long line of wonderful bright figures, increasing in dignity till Dukes and Royal Dukes came next to the King, over whose head was borne a canopy of cloth-of-gold on ivory staves. He, poor man, seemed almost lifeless, borne along, large and heavy, with large pallid cheeks, with a large crown-like cap of velvet and ermine. His train extended far, borne by eight young pages, all sons of Dukes. All walked with heads uncovered save the King; but on the return, when the King had his crown on, all the Peers wore their coronets.

"Two figures were very prominent, walking singly—one Prince Leopold, son-in-law to the King, in a long robe of purple velvet over white satins and white silk stockings. He and all the Peers had these, as well as large blue rosettes and white satin slippers; but the Peers' robes were crimson velvet with rows of ermine according to rank. The Marquess of Londonderry was the other lone figure, not a Peer but a Commoner in Parliament. These two remarkably tall fine men looked very magnificent with their velvet robes, hats, and white ostrich feathers, with diamond bands. I was impressed the more because, after the ceremony, we were with Papa in the little waiting-room in our house, when Lord Londonderry came in, and placing his hat on the table said, 'Perhaps your little girls would like to put my hat on, and they may remember that it is worth £50,000!'"

King George IV.'s was the last Coronation to be followed by the State banquet in Westminster Hall. Tudor and Stuart kings, and the earlier Hanoverians, would scarce have believed themselves crowned without the feast; but William IV., anxious to conciliate popular favour by a show of simplicity and economy, actually proposed to forego the Coronation ceremony altogether, and had it performed with as little expense as possible. There was no procession—properly so called—and no banquet. Queen Victoria had her procession—only it was a driving procession, and started from Buckingham Palace, not from Westminster—but the Coronation banquet, with its stately ceremonies and strong flavour of the Middle Ages, has, it is to be

feared, passed into the limbo of obsolete functions.

On the occasion we are describing, however, it was the royal endeavour to conciliate popular favour by making the Coronation as splendid as possible; and the ancient walls and timbers of Westminster Hall have never, probably, looked down on a more gorgeous spectacle than was the feast. Little Anne shall tell us of her glimpse of it:—

"Besides the procession we had also the further sight of the banquet in Westminster Hall. The Speaker had a box in the temporary gallery there, and Papa had two tickets from him. Mamma and some worthy companion used these during the time when the Champion made the challenge, but before and afterwards, being so near at hand, we all had a turn there. Lines of dinner-tables from top to bottom. Peers with their coronets on. The King on the steps at the top of the Hall, his long train arranged up behind his head, like a spread peacock's tail, with its roses and fleur-de-lis 'semées' in gold embroidery on the purple velvet. 'Royal' purple too was the colour of all the Royal Family Dukes. The whole end of the Hall around this centre was filled with ledges of gold plate, most magnificent and prolific."

The other onlooker whose description we have power to quote was a young girl not long "introduced," who had come up from her home in Norfolk to stay with friends in George Street, Hanover Square. Her sprightly and charming letters to her mother and sisters give many glimpses of the ways and doings of young people eighty years ago. The Coronation takes, naturally, a leading place among the excitements of her visit. She describes the hopes and fears as to whether she should get a ticket, and her joy when, only the day before the important 19th, a Peeress's ticket was presented to her. Next comes the hastening forth to the shop of Mr. Carberry ("*Plumassier* to His Majesty"), and the selecting of a plume of feathers—"an article, we were told, indispensable to those within the Abbey."

She can scarcely have slept much on the night before the great event, for at one A.M. the guns fire a first salute; at two she is called to rise by her kind hostess, and arrayed for the day in her "white striped satin gauze, a long pink sash, and a very tasteful plume of six white feathers, edged

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with pink, set well on behind the plait of her own charming hair." This description is not from the young lady's own pen, but from that of her hostess, who goes on to say that these decorations "gave a very elegant finish to the dignified *tournure* of her noble and sweet countenance." At three o'clock punctually the friends arrive who are to escort her to the Abbey, and they set forth through the awakening streets, the sky overhead streaked with lines of gold, "promising a glorious day." People by that time are beginning to troop fast towards Westminster; great numbers have spent the whole night in the "temporary buildings" hard by the Abbey and Palace.

We will now let our young lady take up her tale. She begins her letter on the evening of the Coronation Day and finishes it on the following afternoon.

"MY DEAR MAMMA,

"Mrs. P— tells me that she has already informed you of the mode of my journey to the Abbey this morning. I will therefore, without any preliminary details, go at once into the subject on which I wish to expatiate to you. And in doing this I cannot but regret, for your sakes as well as my own, that I have not seen this noble sight more fully. I soon found, when placed with Mr. and Mrs. — in the nave, that I should see nothing of the ceremony of coronation, and that I must content myself with the view of the procession. This I saw exceedingly well, and I will try to give you some idea of as much of the scene as I had the power of witnessing. When we first entered the nave through the cloisters at a little past three in the morning, it was full of soldiers—guards—who were bivouacking on the floor. We saw them stretched on the platform through the dusky light. Their sleep was soon disturbed by their officers who from time to time roused them and made them go through some evolutions, shouldering and grounding their arms, etc. These guards, who lined the nave during the whole ceremony, were so well chosen that not only the line of their heads, all above six feet from the ground, but their shoulders and knees all were on a precise level. The bustle of officers and even ladies walking through the nave, of brushing the bright purple cloth which covered the platform both within and without the Abbey, and the hurry of preparations went on, with

intervals of military music, and many false alarms, till near eleven o'clock, when the procession was announced.

"(Friday.) I am sorry, dear Mamma, that I have been out so long with Papa this morning that the rest of my letter must be much hurried. *Pour recommencer.* The procession was preceded by seven Herb women, bearing large baskets and strewing shreds of flowers over the purple cloth. This was a very pretty sight. They were the only women in the whole ceremony. They were followed by serjeants in Chancery, yeomen, heralds, etc., in full costume. I will not attempt to give you a detail of every set of men as they came in, but mention the handsomest and most striking in costume. The judges looked but ill; their unpowdered ermine over red cloth had a dirty effect. The bishops in their black and lawn sleeves appeared well from their simplicity amid the universal glitter. The Archbishops of York and Canterbury¹ are two very fine men. The Privy Counsellors, not Peers, immediately preceded the nobles. They were very splendid in bright blue satin and gold. By the bye, you are to understand that all the dresses were of the time of Queen Elizabeth, consequently almost all the men had ruffs of various sizes. Among the Privy Counsellors I saw George Canning and Mr. Bragge Bathurst, in deep conversation with Lord Londonderry, who immediately followed them and who intervened between them and the Barons. Lord Londonderry was dressed in the full costume of a Knight of the Garter, very magnificently and with the finest effect of any. His train, supported by pages, was of purple velvet, and his black velvet hat was surrounded by a band, an inch and a half deep, of diamonds, and a diamond agraffe turned it up in front. This nobleman was the *only one* of all the Peers who fully looked his station. He is remarkably handsome, dignified, and sensible-looking. The Barons followed, perhaps about fifty in number. Viscounts, Earls, Marquesses and Dukes succeeded, and their pages and standard-bearers. They were very sumptuous, all with crimson velvet mantles. Lord Calthorpe, as bearer of the golden spurs—a right he exercised, much to the King's despite, as nearest male heir to Lady Grey de Ruthven—walked between Lord Anglesea and the Duke of Wellington; he looked better than when

¹ Vernon Harcourt (York) and Sutton (Canterbury).

Coronations of Yesterday and the Day Before

he was at our house last, but still most haggard, and his knees knocked together. Prince Leopold, the first who came of the Royal Family, was attired exactly like Lord Londonderry, and he looked most kingly. I never saw a more noble, sensible, collected face and deportment, grave almost to severity, without harshness. He looked a man one must respect and might adore, quite of another race to the thick, heavy, stupid-looking Royal Family who followed him. Of these, the Duke of Glo'ster is the handsomest, but he is foolish-looking; the Duke of Cambridge is the most good-looking; and the Duke of Sussex the biggest. The King followed, overloaded with finery which produced no good effect. He preceded the canopy, which was of gold tissue and carried by the Barons of the Cinque Ports. His Majesty looked pretty well in health, but wonderfully like an immense old woman in person, with a wig with long flowing curls, which hung full a quarter of a yard over his shoulders. He wore a cap of maintenance in going, and a crimson robe. In returning, the crown—the borrowed crown which belongs to Rundell and Bridges¹—was on his head and his sceptre was in his hand, and his train was of embroidered purple velvet. He looked then most wretchedly fatigued and worn, and as pale as death. Still, he looked royal and gracious. The acclamations when he embraced the Duke of York, his first subject, and the shouts which filled the whole Abbey when he was crowned and when he left the choir, were electrifying; as I write I still thrill at the remembrance. And our grand Anthem, *God save the King*, was sung nobly, and filled the Abbey finely. As he returned with his crown, and all the Peers returned with their coronets, and the Knights Grand Crosses with their velvet hats with *panaches* of more than twenty white ostrich feathers—when these filled the nave, which they did entirely, with their immense waving plumes and crimson and white satin dresses, between the halberdiers in red dresses so covered with broad gold lace that the original material was scarce visible, and beyond them the

yeomen in full costume like those at the Tower, and still outside the chosen guards, then the sight was really a royal one."

Thus far our young lady from Norfolk, whose bright observant eyes and well-trained pen have given us a choice piece of description. She was not favoured with even that passing glimpse of the banquet which fell to the luck of Anne R—; but from a friend who was among the spectators in Westminster Hall she gleaned and has related one or two vivid little facts.

"Mrs. G—, with whom I have been for two hours this morning, was delighted with the scene of the banquet in the Hall, and especially with the Champion, who, as well as his horse, acted admirably." [On the occasion last preceding, one of the Champion's escort, Lord Talbot, had so zealously drilled his charger in its duty of backing down the Hall and not turning its tail in the Royal face, that, when the supreme moment came, nothing would induce it to enter in any fashion save backwards, whereat the spectators clapped!—See Horace Walpole's account of the Coronation of George III.] "The Aldermen, who preceded the Peers in the procession, no sooner beheld the rich feast spread for them in the Hall, than they set to, and were not to be stopped from their dinner, even by the King's entry. They positively had half eaten their dinner before the King came!"

So much for the Coronation of yesterday. That of the day before was stamped with the simplicity and homeliness that were leading features of the character of the monarch crowned. It had been, as we know, a moot point between William and his ministers whether the ceremony might not be dispensed with; and Miss Martineau, in her clever racy old *History of the Peace*, tells us that "the Coronation, which took place on the 8th of September, 1831, was a quiet affair, befitting the accession of a sovereign who was humbly and reasonably aware that his reign must be short and undistinguished by any energetic personal action. There was no banquet, and the royal procession returned through the streets at three o'clock. The King and his ministers gave great dinners at home, and London was illuminated in the evening."

¹ In *The Leisure Hour* for December 1901 is an interesting note which explains this passing reference:—"I did not know till afterwards, that the crown at the coronation was not bought, but borrowed. Rundell's price was £70,000, and Lord Liverpool told the King he could not sanction such an expenditure. Rundell charged £7000 for the loan."—Haydon.

John Austin's Will

BY W. MONTROSE

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

JOHN AUSTIN, an old Australian squatter, after six months' residence in Sydney, feels himself very unwell. He sends for his friends Millington and Mrs. Moss, announces his intention of going back to Malagalala, and tells them that, with the exception of one or two legacies to his old servants, he is leaving them the residue of his estate to be divided equally between them. Some months after, John Austin dies. But his will cannot be found. At the sale of his furniture, his old chair, a picture, and a sideboard are bought by a man going to England, where they come into the hands of Walter Reid. The latter, through adverse circumstances, is obliged to go to the colonies, taking with him the chair and picture.

A claimant to John Austin's estates turns up in the person of an adventurer called John William Candler. He makes an unsuccessful attempt to get John Millington to take up his case, and then puts it into the hands of Henry Geeves, a lawyer who had fallen low through drink.

Harold Crapp, for whom Mrs. Moss had agreed to keep house, goes to live at Narenita Station, by the invitation of its owner, who is leaving for a visit to Scotland. There he finds Alfred Greenlands, the manager, and his wife good neighbours and kind to Mrs. Moss. There they hear of the well-known "lady-bushrangers," the Miss Fieldings, who went about disguised as men.

Walter Reid, soon after his arrival in Sydney, dies, leaving his family in straitened circumstances, and John Austin's chair and picture are again sold. His daughter goes as companion to Mrs. Greenlands at Narenita.

Bob Hawke, sitting in the bush cemetery one day, discovers a tin box hidden under a stone. It contains some papers—one of which is John Austin (Ashcroft's) story of his life, and another is an illegible copy of a will.

At a dance, Harold Crapp meets the Miss Fieldings, and, without pretending he knew anything of them, expresses his abhorrence of bushranging. His words produce a deep impression on Martha Fielding, who determines to abandon the practice. Acting under a misapprehension, he blames Martha afterwards for being one of two who "stuck up" Mr. Millington and Mr. Greenlands. Martha does not want to tell on her sister, and so she and Harold Crapp quarrel.

Soon after this, Mrs. Moss receives a telegram from Millington summoning her to the court in Sydney. By her production of the documents found in the tin box, the claim of John William Candler is refuted.

John Millington falls in love with Miss Reid, whom he meets while staying at the Dingles' during a storm.

Sophia Fielding persuades her sister Mary to join her, and, disguised as men, they enter upon the perilous and wicked career of bushrangers. They get a number of young fellows to follow "Captain Sol." Their first escapade was to relieve a poor miner of two bars of gold. Among their "amusements" was a visit to a dance at Coruna, where, at supper, they compelled the assembled guests to wait upon them.

CHAPTER XXVI.—MRS. GREENLANDS STOPS THE COACH

AFTER leaving Coruna the greater part of the gang went in the direction of Narenita, the others taking home the spoil carried off from the former station. Captain Sol was very quiet, and when Mick, riding up to him, made some remark upon the pleasure they had had, turned upon him fiercely and bade him begone. Mick drew himself up proudly and made no reply. It was too dark to see the expression of the leader's face, but the tone of voice betrayed the passion he was in. The young fellow fell back and followed at a distance, wondering what was the matter.

Mrs. Greenlands had been suffering from headache all day, and now sat in her pretty drawing-room. She began to think it was about time her husband returned. He

had promised to come back early. Surely then he would soon arrive. The house was intensely quiet and seemed strangely lonely. The children were all in bed, and the maid had gone down with Bridget Ryan from the homestead to see a selector's wife who had been ailing lately. There was a light in the kitchen at the back of the house. The lady sat wishing her husband would come. She had never felt so lonely before, though this was by no means the first time she had been left alone in the house, and she looked all round the room apprehensively. There was a sense of danger hanging over her, and she began to feel quite hysterical. Rising she went to the piano and tried to play, but could think of nothing except the "Dead March" in *Saul*, and the "Imps' Chorus" from *Faust*, so she gave it up in sheer disgust. She had just closed the piano when she heard footsteps on the

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verandah. Her heart throbbed, and she dared not turn round. She felt the room was full, and yet she stooped to pick up a needle she saw lying on the floor, feeling she must pick up that needle—her very life depended upon the action. She rose, and turned round slowly. Her heart seemed to cease beating. The room was filled with masked men. "The Sun gang!" flashed through her mind. The men were looking at her wonderingly. Summoning all her courage, she advanced a few steps and said haughtily, "What do you want?"

"Not much," replied the leader, equally as haughtily. "You need not be alarmed. I promise that no one shall interfere with you."

"Thank you," she replied, her knees trembling under her. "What is it you want?"

"Just a brief rest, and you can give us a glass of wine and a biscuit," answered Captain Sol, motioning to the men, who began at once to make themselves quite at home.

Mary Greenlands made her way to the kitchen, and throwing herself into a chair, tried to think what she should do. She could not leave the house; her children were in it, and there was no knowing what these lawless men might do. True, as yet no outrage of any kind to person had been alleged against them. But then, if the little ones awoke, and she were not present to comfort them, there was none who could tell what the result might be. At length she decided to get them the wine and biscuits they demanded, although her hands trembled to such a degree that she nearly dropped everything she touched. "Oh, if Alf would only come!" she thought bitterly to herself.

As soon as she left the room, some of the men began walking about, appropriating any little article they fancied, or, as they put it, they merely *shook* what they wanted. "I will take this," said Sol, picking up the album.

"Why?" asked Mat, to whom he had addressed his remark.

He opened the book and pointed to the photos of the Fielding girls. "They are best destroyed," he said, and plunging the book into the big log fire burning on the hearth, he drew the logs together. It burned away merrily, and Mary Greenlands often wondered what had become of her album and the other little articles she missed.

Mick kept apart at one end of the room still sullen, and the captain appeared to ignore him altogether.

"Boys, we'll meet the coach at the Malugalala gate. It's a good spot. We shan't have too much time," said Sol.

Just at that moment Mrs. Greenlands came in with the tray, which in placing on a little round table she almost let drop to the floor.

"You're a pretty woman," said Reuben Rodd, the tallest man in the band, and seeing her agitation he placed his hand familiarly on her shoulder.

She turned immediately to the leader and said, "Captain, you promised me that I should not be insulted."

"Neither shall you," was the reply. "Leave the woman alone at once!" and he levelled his revolver at the head of the offender.

Reuben muttered something angrily and turned away.

Having drunk their wine they mounted their horses and were off, waving their hands in farewell to the lady as they left the room.

"Why did you stop there?" asked Mat as they rode along.

"To destroy that album, and to see Mrs. Greenlands. That lady forgets people easily," replied his brother.

"So do they all, it seems to me, although I noticed Mrs. Moss taking stock of us. I fancy she 'mooned' a 'possum.'"

"She did. It would be a good thing if everybody was like Mary Greenlands."

"Still Mrs. Moss is a true white woman."

"She is," said Sol enthusiastically, "and if ever I need a friend I shall go to her."

As soon as the gang was well away Mrs. Greenlands, who had overheard the captain's remark about meeting the coach, ran into her children's room, and finding they all were fast asleep, caught up a light fleecy cloud, and ran out of the house, fastening the wrap round her head as she went. If she could only meet the coach at the "Devil's Elbow," all might be well.

Here the road, which gradually ascended a rise, made a sudden turn between two rather steep embankments. Against one of these she threw herself, so that the light from the coach should fall upon her as they ascended the hill, for she half feared her voice would fail her, so great was her excitement. She wrapped the cloud



IN THE DISTANCE SHE SAW THE LIGHT, AND WATCHED AS IT CAME NEARER

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round her neck and shoulders, her dress gleamed black against the grey sand, and she waited. In the distance she saw the lamp of the coach, and watched as it came nearer.

The driver, Dick Yeo, who had recently taken charge of the mail-coach, saw her, her white veil and outstretched hand making her appear like some angel of warning. "Stop!" she cried, "the bushrangers are out," and her voice shook in her throat.

"What shall we do?" said Dick, bewildered, drawing up his horses.

"Go on!" cried a female voice. "The hussy may be in league with them."

"I am Mrs. Greenlands," replied that lady indignantly, at once recovering herself under the imputation cast upon her sincerity. "Throw your light upon me, Dick, and show this stupid person she is impertinent," and she drew herself up proudly.

"It's all right. It is Mrs. Greenlands. What is it, ma'am?" said the driver.

"The bushrangers are out. They are down at the Malugalala cemetery-paddock gate waiting for you. There's a good number of them."

"What shall I do?" Dick asked, helplessly.

"Put out your light, and take one of the horses, and ride over to Yendal, and ask the police to come with the men of the escort. They are there on their way to Nundah to bring down the gold. Oh, do stop that silly thing!" as one of the ladies began to squeal, and Mrs. Greenlands almost wished she had not troubled to stop the coach. A little, sharp fright might do some people good. "Tell them to come with all the men they can," she called to him as he rode off.

"You will not go and leave us," said some one from the coach.

"You will surely not want a 'hussy' to keep you company," and Mrs. Greenlands walked off highly affronted. She waited at the slip-panels until the police came up, and told them all she knew.

"Drive on to Malugalala," said the sergeant. "There's a new road, isn't there?"

"Yes, through the slip-panels," replied Dick.

"You go that way, and don't light your lamps until you pass the homestead. We'll go by the gate."

"Right you are!" shouted Dick, cracking his whip.

"The coach is late, surely," said Jonathan Morgan, as the gang sat impatiently listening for the sound of the wheels.

"It often is, especially when it's wanted," replied his brother.

"I'll go and mouch round. There's something the matter," said Mick, and he bowed gravely to the captain.

"Take care of yourself, and if it's danger give the cooe," replied Sol in a kindly tone, forgetting for a moment his annoyance with the young man.

Mick Tyson rode off quietly, and had not been gone a quarter of an hour when the mournful cry of the mopoke was heard ringing through the bush.

"Away!" cried Sol at the sound, and the band broke off in various directions. They had not started a moment too soon, for the gate leading into the paddock swung back with a crash, and a whole volley of carbines belched out their leaden hail.

"A narrow squeak!" cried Mat as they bounded through the bush.

"Where's Mick, I wonder? I hope he is all right," said Sol, slightly checking his horse. "He's a dear boy. If he does not catch up to us soon, I shall go back for him."

"I'm here, captain," replied the young fellow in a weak voice.

"What's the matter, laddie?" and the captain stopped.

"Go on. It's all right."

"I won't. You're hurt. Do you think I'd go and leave you?" cried Sol passionately.

"Oh, captain, don't stop. They are coming this way. Save your life, I beseech you!" and the lad fell forward in the saddle with a groan.

"I don't care who's coming," and he seized the boy. Dragging him out of the saddle he placed him on his own horse before him. "Your nag will find its way home safely, so don't worry over it. Where are you hurt?" as the lad leaned heavily against him.

"In the leg, and I feel faintish, but it's nothing," and his head fell on the leader's breast.

Sol bent over and kissed him passionately. "Keep up, Mick. I love you, you know, and if they have hurt you I'll make them pay for it!" he cried fiercely.

Mick was indeed wounded, and had lost a great deal of blood. Fortunately the wound was not serious, and soon began to

heal. As he lay convalescent Sol was his only nurse. He went about with a proud air. The captain's words that night thrilled him, and he repeated them to himself over and over again.

CHAPTER XXVII.—BOB'S REQUEST

MRS. MOSS sat with her husband in the drawing-room a few evenings after the Coruna incident, and he was quietly commenting upon it. Fortunately he entertained none of the suspicions which filled his wife's mind, and he talked of the affair in a calm, contented manner. "What clever young men the two leaders seemed to be!" he said quietly, unfolding the paper which had arrived that afternoon. "How well they both played and danced! It is a terrible pity they do not put their talents to better use. I wonder why they follow such a life.

It's so dangerous an undertaking."

"That's the very reason why they take it up. Its romantic nature, and the element of danger combined, fascinate them," replied his wife dreamily, falling into a reverie. Was she mistaken or not? The captain's reply and manner had been so ambiguous, and the young fellow's tone, though more tending to confirm her suspicions, was not altogether such that she could base them upon it with any degree of certainty.

The room was very quiet. Mr. Crapp was in his own room writing, and as the fire in it had been made up, there was little likelihood of his appearing again that night. Mr. Moss's paper fell gently over his head, and Mrs. Moss knew her husband was dozing.

Putting down her sewing, she went to the sideboard to get a book she had commenced to read, and then drawing an easy-chair up in front of the fire, she drew the burning logs together and sat with her feet on the fender, the very picture of cosiness and comfort. "This is splendid," she said to herself contentedly.

She could not read, try as she would—the book had lost its power to interest, and she fell into a thoughtful mood. Scenes of days past came back to her remembrance. As she compared them with the present, she thanked God for the com-

fort which was now hers. Ah! those miserable winter nights, not so long ago either, when she had sat by the fire in the Stanmore railway waiting-room, because she was too poor to have a fire in her own poor home. Then came thoughts of the future. What should she do if Mr. Crapp carried out his intention of going to England? She could not



AS SHE DID SO, BOB HAWKE KNOCKED AT THE WINDOW

stay here, she supposed; so once more her husband and herself would be cast upon the world and separated again. It was almost too painful to think about. They were both growing old, which made it all the worse. She sighed, and put the thought away from her. God had been with her in the past, and He would not forsake her in the future. Her thoughts wandered back to the afternoon. She had made her weekly visit to the cemetery, and had carried there the accustomed wreath to lay on old John Austin's resting-place. To-day the visit had been specially interesting, for Mr. Greenlands had put up a stone over his brother's grave, and had had it nicely done up, and she saw it for the first time that afternoon.

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It was just a plain, white marble cross, standing on three slabs decreasing in size one above the other. The inscription was very simple—

SYDNEY ROBERT GREENLANDS,
YOUNGEST SON OF THE LATE ALFRED
THOMAS GREENLANDS OF GARA STATION.

Called away May 19, 18—.

"He was not, for God took him."

A neat marble curb and bronze railing surrounded the whole, and two white rose bushes had been planted, the one at the head and the other at the foot of the little mound.

"What sadness there is in every life!" she murmured softly, thinking of the story of the young sleeper lying there, of whom Mrs. Greenlands had only recently told her. "How sad it was! Cut off in the day of its promise. How disappointing it all was! Was life only disappointment? Did sorrow predominate in human affairs? Why were they sent into the world? Only for sorrow, and to suffer?" So she pondered, her gaze fixed upon the glowing fire. She thought of the lives of those she had met, and recalled to herself the stories of their joys and sorrows. No one seemed to be free from trouble. Perhaps it was as well, though we could not understand it. We are in the hands of an All-wise Father, and we can safely leave all things to Him. She sighed, and shifted her position. Just then her husband awoke.

"Nell, how cold the room is!" he said. "I am sure there must be a draught somewhere."

"No, there isn't," she replied, almost annoyed that he had awakened her from her reverie. She drew the logs still more closely together and put on a fresh one. As she did so, Bob Hawke knocked at the window, and Mr. Moss rose to let him in.

"The Sun gang are humorous, and no mistake," said the young fellow, taking a seat.

"What's happened?" asked Mrs. Moss.

"They caught old Crambey the 'convict-spy,' and rolled him into a water-hole pretty full of mud, and made him kneel there and acknowledge all his sins, and then when they had well basted him they hung him by a rope round his waist to a

tree, and left him to dry. He was in a terrible fright, but it serves the old rogue right, for he's been a cruel, bad man in his day."

"And I have a piece of news too," said Mr. Moss. "I had quite forgotten it, though perhaps you've already heard of it. Rutter was married yesterday."

"No!" replied Mrs. Moss and Bob together.

"It's a fact. They went into Uralla, and were married in the Methodist church there; the English parson was away."

"Who did he marry?" asked Mrs. Moss, with a smile.

"A Miss Pilditch. She was servant at the Dana Creek Hotel."

"Then he didn't get Miss Yates after all," said Bob.

"No, she wouldn't have him," was the reply.

"And he made so sure she would. He went round telling every one she would throw over the Queensland fellow for him."

"Well, she didn't, it seems. Who's this?" as a footfall sounded on the verandah, and Mr. Greenlands came in.

"Mr. Moss, can you tell me if we sent away for the wool-bags?" he said, having saluted the company present. "We were talking of it, you know. But did we send?"

"Certainly we did, and the invoice came this evening. I have it in the office," replied Mr. Moss.

"Did you notice the quotation? Bags are gone up, I see by the paper," and the two gentlemen left the room.

Bob sat for a moment or two silent, and then said: "Mrs. Moss, I want you to make me a promise. You can, if you will."

"Certainly I will; but what is it?" and the lady looked at him, smiling.

"I want you to promise me that when I die you will have me buried in the Malugala cemetery."

"Why, Bob, you silly boy," replied his companion, laughing. "I promised you something like that before; but you'll outlive me."

"I don't think so," he said quietly, "and now you have given me your promise I am content."

"Look here, Bob, I think you ought to marry. You would make some nice girl very happy, and I would like to see you married. You would be quit of these morbid fancies. Take my advice, and look out

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for a good, sensible little body," said Mrs. Moss briskly. Bob smiled and shook his head. "I'll speak to Mr. Millington," she continued, "and he'll give you the managership of one of the stations under his charge. He can do it if he wishes."

"No, Mrs. Moss, I'm not one of the marrying sort. I think I gave all the affection in my nature to Mr. Austin, and I should not be sorry if I were going to meet him next week. I have only one wish, and that is to see you mistress of Malugalala. Mr. Austin told me himself he wished you to have it. But I did not understand his meaning at the time," returned the young fellow.

"Bob, you are young, and must put away these morbid feelings. You're quite a young man, and all your life is before you. Take a trip to Sydney, and see Mr. Millington. He'll be pleased to see you, and will show you the lions of the city."

"Yes, I'll go if I am alive next month."

"Now you are becoming melancholy again, and I shall give you a glass of my blackberry wine.

You said you liked it, and if we warm it, it is fit for the Governor of the Colony," and the lady went to the pantry to get the bottle and glasses.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—WALLABY SWAMP IS EXCITED

THE O'Haras were on their way back to the colonies, their trip round the world having come to an abrupt termination in London, where they had literally fallen among thieves.

The gentle Eliza had been snubbed by the more respectable of her sex wherever she went. They set her down for being much worse than she was. Her manner was decidedly vulgar, and her very walk

was against her. Hers was that unbecoming, swinging gait so much affected by some bush girls.

Every sea-trip they took, even one from London to Margate, meant misery and woe. Father Neptune seemed to delight in punishing them as much as possible whenever he had the chance.

Patrick Julius bore the impress of the plough too indelibly to hope to pass for a gentleman, and since his London experiences his face wore a suspicious look. His sister, too, had not improved. Her face was more shrewish than when she started.

The two were perpetually quarrelling and jangling.

They had left Colombo on their return journey, and Pat was in his sister's cabin with her, counting out their money. They started with seventeen thousand pounds. They counted all the morning, and they counted all the afternoon. They counted all the next day, but count as they would, write it down as often as they may, they could not make their store total

more than four thousand two hundred and ten pounds.

"How much have we spent?" said the fair lady in an awed tone, sitting back on her berth.

Pat scratched his head, and did a little sum in subtraction after much cogitation. Presently he said, in a terrified tone: "We have spent over twelve thousand pounds."

"You spent it all going about with that man who said he knew the Prince of Wales, and would let you meet him!" his sister yelled at the top of her voice.

Neither of them knew of their loss while on their first visit to Colombo, and never heard of it. Nor had they kept any account of their expenditure as they went



"YOU HAVE CHEATED ME!"

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along. Pat grew red, as he thought of the sums of money he had spent on the man who was to have brought him under the notice of His Royal Highness; and the gentle Eliza blushed scarlet, as she remembered what she had given to the friend who promised to bring her before Her Gracious Majesty.

The following morning Miss O'Hara went to her brother's cabin and gave him a packet, saying, "There, that's your share; I have divided it into two, so it's right," and she walked out again.

Pat feverishly tore open the packet and counted out the amount on the bed. He looked at it, and counted it once more. It was a thousand and sixty-two pounds. He did a fandango on the floor, and rushed out in pursuit of the fair damsel. He found her on the deck reclining in her chair.

"You have cheated me!" he shouted.

"I haven't!" she screamed.

"You have," and he made a grab at her hair, whereat she shrieked in terror, and several of the passengers coming forward separated them.

He returned to his cabin, glanced at the bed, and fell fainting on the floor. *His money was gone.* When he recovered consciousness he searched the cabin high and low, but all to no purpose. He spoke to no one of his loss, and spent hours in the fruitless search.

A week later he told the captain he had been robbed.

"Why did you not tell me at once?" said the captain, thinking he must be either a fool or a rogue. "How can I institute a search now? Some of the passengers have gone off at Albany and Adelaide, and the day after to-morrow we shall be in Melbourne. I can do nothing now," and he turned away, leaving Pat quite dazed.

At Albany John Candler came on board. He was still seeking his fortune, but had not found it yet. He was not long on the vessel before he heard of the fair Eliza's fortune, which rumour stated to be one hundred thousand pounds, and he assiduously made love to her. At Adelaide he persuaded her to go ashore with him, and tried to make her believe that he had saved her from falling into the water at that very dangerous landing. Why does not South Australia provide a better means of embarkation and disembarking than at present?

Miss O'Hara was certain in her own mind that it was the black hand of a Lascar which grasped her as she tripped, but as her devoted admirer claimed the honour she consented to it for the time being. She thought it a nice thing, and what was really expected of her—to return to Wallaby Swamp, Dingo Flat, Kangaroo Creek, Bandicoot Station, an engaged young lady; consequently she was perfectly agreeable to receive his attentions, and was particularly anxious to bring him to the point. Candler gave out that he was a squatter but just returned from a trip to England. "I am interested in some mines in Westralia," he said airily, "and that is why I did not go on with the boat I came out in, though I thank my stars I did not," and he gazed intently on the Southern Cross, which gleamed away at the stern.

He made such progress in the lady's good graces that whilst in Melbourne they began to talk of marriage.

"I must get you a ring, dearest," he said, as they leaned over the rail of the vessel looking at the sea one afternoon, the afternoon of leaving the Victorian capital. "Only you have so many rings and jewels that I hardly know what to get."

"I want a complete ring of di'monds—di'monds all round," replied the lady, rather petulantly. It was quite a new experience having her wishes consulted, and she rather enjoyed it.

"You shall have that for your wedding-ring," he said, in as loving a tone as he could assume, "and I'll put it on your sweet finger without delay."

She held it up as he spoke, and he positively shuddered, for it was fat, stumpy, and not too clean. However, her fortune made amends for personal shortcomings.

He bought a complete circle of diamonds (!) in "Paddy's market" the Saturday night after his arrival in the colony, and hastened to Wallaby Swamp to join his fair. He laid his plans well, and showed the ring to Eliza. She positively jumped for joy when she saw it, it looked so bright and flashing as it nestled on its blue velvet cushion. It sparkled better than any of her gems, and she would have married him a dozen times over to possess it. She wanted to put it on at once, but that he would not allow. He feared lest if she got it she might give him the go-by, and that would certainly not suit his purpose. Neither of them trusted the other.

"How much did it cost?" she asked, as he showed it to her a second time.

"Almost a thousand pounds," was the ready lie.

"So much?" she said in tones of awe.

"You see they are gems of the first water, and very large. They are real Hong Kong diamonds. That reminds me, love. This has run me rather dry," tapping the ring-case, "and I do not want to draw any of the station-money on account of the shearing."—"I'll shear you, old girl, pretty soon, see if I don't," he ejaculated mentally. Aloud he continued: "I shall be very much obliged if you can lend me some. I'll pay it back again as soon as possible."

They had a tiff over the matter, but he artfully slipped the ring over his finger, and the flashing of the supposed gems so fascinated the fair dame that she consented at length, on condition that she was to put the ring on her own finger at once.

The wedding-day dawned, and the house of O'Hara was in a state of ferment from early morn. Neighbours gathered from far and near; the old unpleasantness had passed away, and the last lingering traces of it were dispelled by the prospects of the wedding. It had been decided that after the spread the newly-married couple should leave for their new home. Candler smiled grimly as he wondered where it was. It was remarked by several that Pat was particularly irritable and morose. People wondered at it, for they all thought he had returned with as much, if not with more money than he took away.

Father Ryan arrived at the farm about mid-day on his way to the church, and the whole concourse, with the exception of three old cronies, who were to dish up the spread, followed him. A buggy was borrowed for the O'Haras, though many of their neighbours thought it was about time they set up one for themselves, and lent with very bad grace. The bridegroom was all but left behind, which under the circumstances would have been slightly inconvenient. He was obliged to avail himself of the friendly help afforded by a spring-cart, which somehow never has springs, or else springs of the stiffest character. He was terribly jolted, and arrived at the church in a most unamiable frame of mind, looking as savage as could be.

The fair bride certainly astonished the natives of Wallaby Swamp, and to this

day the story of her splendour is current in the district. She took "the shine," as she phrased it, out of the local brides past, present, and to come. Her gown was of ivory satin with a train falling from the shoulders, lined with pale-blue silk. Along the edge of this, and where it was caught on the shoulders, were sprays of orange-blossom and jasmine. Down the front of the dress was a filmy cloud of the palest blue chiffon sprinkled with pearls and silver sequins. A loose belt of knitted silk, with heavy silk fringe, was caught lightly round her waist, and fell in two long bands down the front of her dress. A spray of orange-blossoms and pearl passementerie wandered across the corsage from one shoulder to the edge of the skirt on the opposite side. On her head were a wreath of myrtle-blossom and a coronet of pearls. Over this fell a long white veil, the lower part of which was worked with a pearl-traced pattern. Her costume and veil came ready-made from Melbourne, and cost over one hundred pounds. She donned all her jewellery, and when she came out of her bedroom, and appeared before the assembled friends, they stood in speechless admiration. The court-train was a very great trouble to the lady, and she kicked it more than once during her progress, using not the choicest language.

The priest regarded the bride with amused surprise as she came up the aisle leaning on the arm of her father, pausing every now and again to kick the unwieldy train out of her way. It had such a habit, due to her peculiar walk, of swinging round in front of her.

The poor bridesmaids were nowhere beside her wonderful finery, and looked quite mean.

As the cortège drove through the bush it was noticed that one or two strangers on horseback passed very close to the bride's conveyance, and regarded her attentively, but in the excitement no particular notice was taken of it. The church was crowded, and the unhappy bridegroom almost had his clothes torn off his back trying to reach the altar. Hot, flushed, and very cross, the supposed happy man took his place by the side of his bride, who looked at him as if she considered him to be a very secondary affair in the event.

The déjeuner was spread under the trees, the house not being large enough to accommodate the guests. Forms had been borrowed

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from the neighbouring school-house. A large number of the poultry had been requisitioned, or, as Mother O'Hara put it, "knocked down" for the feast. In lieu of table-cloths, which were not forthcoming, sheets of newspaper were spread over the boards which formed the tables, an item the bride considered quite superfluous. They did not use table-cloths at any time, and enjoyed their meals just as well—so why trouble about them now? There were hams, rounds of beef, potatoes unpeeled in bucket-fuls and in the buckets, pumpkins in boilers, turnips and cabbages ditto. Bottles of intoxicating drinks stood in clusters on the tables, and tea was made in kerosene-tins, those most useful domestic articles without which the bush home could not possibly get on. The wedding-cake stood on a small side-table, and was several times in jeopardy from the horse-play in which many of the guests indulged.

The wedding-presents were not displayed. They had been all packed away to go with the bridal party. Both bride and groom knew that if they were left behind, there was very little likelihood of their being seen again by either of them.

As the feast proceeded the spirits of the guests rose high, some of them disappearing under the tables to meditate in silence, whilst others became quarrelsome. "Bring over the cake," was now the cry, and several too-willing hands were stretched out to seize it. Mrs. O'Hara had made it with her own hands, and she regarded it with a sense of supreme satisfaction. When she heard of its being moved she almost fell into a fit. She was not sure whether she would care to have it cut at all. It was in four tiers, and several of her neighbours wondered how on earth she had contrived to make it so. Instead of being iced, it was covered with silver paper, the pieces round each tier being kept in place by string.

"I'll cut it for yez!" screamed one of the guests, who was unusually anxious to see the inside of the wonderful construction.

"I'll black yer eye if yez does!" shouted Mrs. O'Hara, shaking her fist.

To prevent any further disturbance, a kindly, officious soul lifted up the precious load to carry it to the bride, when, with a scream, yell, and a roar combined, it rolled on the floor in four different directions. Then was it seen the lower tiers were blocks of wood, only the top one being made of cake, and it is a matter of question

whether it was less hard than the wooden blocks. Certain it was that it remained intact, notwithstanding its fall.

The bridegroom became more morose as the day drew towards its close, and snapped at the bride, who dutifully snapped back at him, and they were on the verge of a downright quarrel more than once. She wished to go to Sydney in all her bridal array, but this he positively refused to allow.

After the feast was over there was a general feeling of uncomfortableness, and the guests wandered about aimlessly. There was to be a dance in the paddock later in the evening, and the mail-coach, as it passed the house, was to take up the young couple. Mrs. Candler and her husband returned to their room to finish packing. The bride took off all her finery, even to the wedding-ring. The circle of diamonds she found was by no means a pleasant article to wear. It chafed, and cut between her fingers, though they were not very tender. Her spouse wished to put all the jewels into his box, but that the fair lady positively refused to permit. "Do you think I'd trust you with them?" she said. She packed them in a small box picked up on her travels. This it was found would not go into her trunk, so she decided to carry it in her hands. She placed it under the bed until she should start. At that moment some one called her, and nothing loath she hurried out to show her travelling dress. In an instant, as soon as her back was turned, Candler seized the box. The key was in the lock, at which he chuckled. Opening his own trunk he emptied the jewellery into a corner of it, and again locking the case put it back under the bed. "I've done you after all," he said to himself gleefully. "I've got the lot, and you'll rejoice if you ever see any of it again. I wish I could get the money too," and he shook her trunk, but it was locked, and she had the key in her pocket. In high good spirits he returned to the company, and was even pleasant to his wife.

As the coach came rattling up, Pat went over to wish his sister good-bye, and said to her pleadingly, "Liza, give us a fifty."

"I won't give you a brass farden, so there," and she turned her back upon him.

The trunks were handed in, the seats having to be taken out to allow room for them. At first the coachman said they could not all go. "You'll have to leave one of the boxes behind," said Candler.

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"YOUR MONEY AND YOUR VALUABLES!"
DEMANDED A VOICE

"I won't," retorted the bride. "I won't go unless it does."

"Then you'll have to stay where you are," and he proceeded to climb up into the coach. Room was at length found for her and her box, and away they went, followed some distance by the guests howling, screaming, swearing, and yelling. They wondered somewhat that the bride did not respond.

The bridegroom was leaning out of the window when they started, and violently bumped his head with the sudden jerk. The bride was more unfortunate. She was sitting on the edge of her box, and the sudden movement sent her bang against the trunk opposite, severely damaging her nose, causing it to bleed.

They had gone about ten miles, and it was midnight. There was no light in the coach, and the two inmates were dozing. All at once they were bailed up by a command to

halt. John rose to put his head out of the window, when it touched the cold muzzle of a revolver. He drew back with a shudder. It was too dark to see the features of any one.

"Your money and your valuables!" demanded a voice.

Candler with a sigh handed over the fifty pounds his wife had lent him. "I have nothing else," he said. "My watch is a Waterbury."

"Hand it over, then. Now, madam, I am sorry to trouble you."

"I haven't anything," replied the lady.

"That box, please."

"No, I shan't."

A wax match was struck, and the speaker looked at the watch he had just received from her husband, while another bushranger was seen pointing a revolver full at her. "If you do not hand over before the match expires, my friend will fire," said the horseman calmly. With a yell of rage she handed him the box. One of the gang lighted the coach-lamp, which hitherto had been unlighted, as they were far enough from the town, and then it was seen that the band was a pretty considerable one. The box was opened, and found empty, whereat Eliza almost fainted.

"Your boxes," said the leader, and ready hands threw open the coach-door. These were dragged away into the darkness, and then with a ringing "Good-bye" the whole of the gang, including the coachman, disappeared into the bush.

The newly-married couple sat stupefied. The coach did not move, and the door remained open. Candler was the first to recover himself. He called to the driver, and looking out exclaimed: "The horses are gone."

"Then they have killed the man!" and Eliza began to scream at the top of her voice.

Candler alighted, and went fearfully to the front of the coach, but there was no sign of the driver, nor of the horses. Here his wife and he were, with the coach, stranded in the middle of the bush, and off the main-road too. He stood for a moment or two bewildered. Then a thought flashed through his mind, causing his pulses to beat violently. He glanced back. His

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wife was standing at the door, wondering what he was doing. He stealthily stole round to the opposite side, and plunging into the bush made for the road as fast as possible, leaving his bride wondering and waiting. "Well quit of a bad bargain," he chuckled to himself as he reached the road. He never saw Eliza again.

Meanwhile the lady stood and waited, feeling still faint from the shock she had received. Thinking her husband would be back presently, she closed the door and sat on the floor of the coach, the seats having been taken out at her home to allow of her boxes being placed therein. Now she had lost all, she reflected. She had gained a husband, it was true, but that was a very doubtful gain, and she sat there thinking. "I will go back," she said to herself, "and I'll ask Pat to lend me some;" and then she wondered why he had wanted to borrow from her. She knew nothing of his loss. All at once she remembered the Methodist parson had said the money would do them no good, when he learned they had won it. Certainly it had done them no good, and she clenched her teeth. Had the parson been present, he would assuredly have experienced a bad time. Then she thought of her jewel-box, and wondered who could have emptied it. She started to her feet. Had her father or mother removed its contents before she left? If so, she would get the jewellery back, or she would know the reason why. At last she recalled to her remembrance her husband, and putting her head out of

the window she cooeed. A cooe in the distance answered her, and presently a sulky drove up, and some one hailed her.

"Who are you?" said the voice.

"Eliza Jane O'Hara," she replied, quite forgetting her new name, and she rapidly told the reason of her being there.

One of the occupants of the sulky laughed, and replied: "So you are the bride, are you? Well, you've had an experience, no mistake. The chaps of that Sun gang got word somehow that you were travelling with all your wealth, and they planned the thing splendidly. This coach belongs to me. They stopped the driver some little distance from my place, and tied him to a tree and left him there. They then came on and picked you up, bringing you here, which was evidently the meeting-place agreed upon. I suppose they have relieved you of all your belongings?"

"That they have, the wretches."

"As I expected. Some of the folks returning from your wedding festivities found the driver and released him. They were very much astonished at his story, but had not the gumption to organise a party to go in pursuit. They came on to me, and I soon got on their tracks, I can tell you."

"Can you take me home? It's no use going any further," said the lady.

"Where is Mr.—your husband, that is?" asked the other gentleman sitting in the sulky.

"Goodness knows, I don't," was the reply. "He can follow me if he wants me," and she climbed up between the two men.

(To be continued.)



Photo by

Rev. W. C. Hope

A QUIET SAIL ON THE SOLENT

Life on the London Press

BY AN ACTIVE JOURNALIST

III.—“Special” work

ONE of the ambitions of a journalist is usually to be “a special correspondent,” not necessarily in times of war, but a special correspondent who is sent to great ceremonies or political demonstrations to chronicle in a descriptive manner all that takes place. But there are very few men who are trusted by their editors to undertake these tasks, for the responsibility is heavy, and the chances of accident in transmitting “copy” are frequent. I was talking not long ago to a young lady who was entrusted with the duty of describing the Duke of York’s wedding for a daily paper. She realised what an important mission it was, and she made the most careful preparations for sending her copy by messengers to the newspaper office. Hers was one of the brightest accounts of the wedding which appeared, but the strain of anxiety was very heavy until she made sure that the many columns of matter had been properly printed.

I know of a case where a journalist, who was deputed to send a verbatim report of an important speech made in a small provincial town by a prominent statesman, was horrified next morning to see not a line of the full report which he had himself duly taken to the post-office the evening before to be wired to London. He demanded the reason, and was calmly informed by the inexperienced telegraphist that she did not think there would be any hurry, and that accordingly she had not begun telegraphing the speech until the next morning! Talking of such an experience reminds me that a friend of mine who had been sent to report a speech in the country found that the only way to transmit the speech would be to take the notes back to town with him that night. But when he looked up trains he discovered that the last train left at 8.30, and as the meeting was timed to commence at eight, that would be impossible to catch. He was equal to the emergency. He went to the eminent statesman, and told him his dilemma. “What can I do to help you?” said the politician. “Begin the meeting

an hour earlier,” was my friend’s response. “Oh, but that would never do! the audience would not have arrived.” “I’m quite certain the audience will take good care to be ready an hour before the meeting commences, for they don’t have the chance of hearing eminent men like yourself every day,” was the diplomatic reply. “And if you cannot manage to begin at seven, the *Daily Thunderer* will have to go to press without a word of your speech.” The bait was successful; the chairman told the audience that as they were all there waiting, there was no reason why the chief speaker should not begin; and the artful reporter caught the 8.30 train quite comfortably.

I remember being sent to a big meeting held in a town where no persuasion could make the telegraphist stay beyond ten o’clock at night. I could not emulate my friend by getting the organisers of the meeting to anticipate the hour, so all that was possible was to try and be the first man at the post-office after the chief speech had been delivered. Oh, what a rush it was! but I managed to get out of the crowded hall before the close of the peroration, and began transcribing my notes at the office, feeding the telegraphist with a hundred words at a time. In this way I kept him busy till a quarter to ten, when several other journalists arrived, too late to get any report telegraphed that night. I have known of cases where a man has kept the wire in his possession until the moment for telegraphing an important piece of news, by filling up the interval with wiring “Hymns Ancient and Modern”! The moment the news was ready for transmission, the hymn was cut short and the new information tacked on. The tidings of the fall of Paris during the Franco-Prussian War was by some such method sent to a newspaper-office several hours in advance of any other telegrams.

When a great statesman is making a political tour, like the Midlothian campaigns of Mr. Gladstone, he is accompanied from first to last by quite a band of journalists, whose duty it is to record in as bright and

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piquant a manner as possible all the events of the journey. I had once to follow a candidate in this manner over one of the biggest constituencies in the kingdom, and our experiences were full of interest. There were nearly a hundred places, mostly villages, which had to receive a call from the indefatigable candidate; and his energy and good-humour never failed him. Once he said to me, about five o'clock one afternoon, "Look here, this won't do. I've had six 'afternoon teas' already, and we have to call at three more important places, where they will be offended if I don't take a cup!" That was only one little aspect of the trials of a candidate. Another was the weariness of speaking in public. I have known a candidate deliver over twenty speeches, short or long, during a day, until his voice had become a hoarse whisper. My work was to give the chief points of each speech, and you may imagine it was not easy to vary the reports, for it was impossible for a man to make twenty different speeches in a day. He got as tired as I was of certain "telling" stories which made a "hit" at half-a-dozen villages in succession. We were constantly colliding in the most friendly way with the other candidate and his friends. Sometimes the four-in-hand carrying us arrived almost simultaneously on the village green with the opposition vehicle, and as the total population of the hamlet was very small, we used to wait until one meeting had finished before we commenced the other.

The most exciting part of such election work was of course the declaration of the poll, and the rush to the post-office to send a message giving the figures. We had to be up to all sorts of expedients in order to get the message sent immediately. In one case a man promised to wave a certain coloured handkerchief if the Liberal had been returned, and another in case the Conservative was victorious. In the excitement of the moment he forgot which was which, and the journalist was completely mystified until the formal declaration by the returning officer. My business was to send first the briefest message giving the name of the victor, and follow it in a few minutes with the exact figures of the votes. I shall never forget the difficulty I had in getting out of the immense crowd which surrounded the Town Hall at Brighton several years ago,

when Sir William Marriott was returned after a hot fight. I despaired of getting my wire off, for as soon as I had penetrated one mass of people I encountered another crowd, all shouting and thronging around the Hall. Once I managed a very sharp piece of work after a by-election. I was so confident that a certain candidate would be returned that I made a pencil-sketch of him from life, while waiting for the result, and when the counting showed that he was well ahead, I dashed down to the newspaper-office, and got them to make a block from my drawing. Within two hours the paper was selling on the street with my portrait of the new member! May I say here how valuable it is for a journalist to be able to make even rough sketches? Again and again it has helped me in my work, and has counted for much with my chiefs. If you are going to some state ceremonial, it will aid you greatly in your accurate description if you make a rough ground-plan of the affair.

The journalist's life is one incessant sacrifice of his own inclinations. He must have no plans, save a readiness to fall in with the requirements of his paper instantly at any time of day or night. For a whole year I only spent five evenings at friends' houses; and on two of those evenings I found on my return home a telegram waiting for me, which summoned me to the office. You live in constant expectation of instructions to go all over the kingdom, or to furnish long articles on all kinds of subjects, at literally a moment's notice.

Many a time, after a hard day's work, I have just gone to sleep, when at midnight a thunder at the door has awoken me, to find a special messenger from my paper asking for some article which has to be written there and then and despatched. Aroused from sleep, I have sat down in my dressing-gown and written at the highest possible rate of speed for two hours, and hurried off the drowsy messenger in the hansom which was waiting at the door. Then back to bed, only to lie awake till dawn of day, the tired brain recapitulating the sentences one had compelled it to evolve under such stress. When at breakfast I have read nearly two columns of matter, produced by myself early that very morning, before the great majority of readers were awake, I have been as interested in reading the article as I hope they were—it all seemed quite

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new to me, and I should be almost inclined to say I had not penned it. Once I had a very trying experience. I had delivered personally a long article one evening, which I knew would be wanted that night. Just as I was retiring for the night, I had a telegram from my chief asking for this article. I argued with myself that surely it had been overlooked in the large heap of envelopes of "copy," and would be discovered during the night. So I chanced it, and went to sleep, not, however, without considerable anxiety as to the matter. To my relief, however the next morning our paper came out with my article all right, and I found my surmise as to its having been mislaid was correct. Still, I should not like to risk such an affair again.

I have heard young—very young—people say that they thought it must be delightful to go to all the great dinners and parties which are given in London, and are described so smartly in the newspapers. Well, after several years' experience of such functions, I think they would weary as quickly as I of gatherings which soon pall on one. Take a public dinner. You are placed near to the speakers, when the secretary is really considerate and anxious that the proceedings should be reported fully. But, more often, you have to do the best you can to secure a report of the chief speakers under the serious disadvantage of distance. Then you very rarely know who your table companion is, and if you do find a topic of common interest, all sociability is at an end when the time for the speeches comes. It is then real hard work, for you have to take the principal orator in full, and transcribe your notes as speedily as possible, so as to despatch the copy by the boy who has been waiting during the commencement of the proceedings. The rest of the speeches probably have to be merely summarised, and that is not easy, considering how lengthy many such speeches are. In fact, one of the rarest things in journalism, I think, is a thoroughly good report, giving the chief points of all the speeches at a public banquet.

As regards a soirée, one is usually more concerned to give the names of the principal guests, and these can often be obtained from an obliging secretary. I have preferred to depend on my own knowledge of faces, for very often such a list is only of

those who were "invited," and not of those who are actually present. Many a time I have written a column about the famous guests and what they wore, mostly from memory after the event, as one does not like being seen making notes during a social function. I remember once at the Guildhall, with three thousand guests, a distinguished man was unexpectedly asked to speak during the evening. I hunted through my pockets for a piece of paper to take notes, but only discovered a very small envelope. With that I did my best, writing in the smallest shorthand characters all that the great man said. To my delight, our paper was the only one which contained a report of the speech, the other representatives having taken no trouble to get it.

One has to be constantly alert in the interest of one's paper. I recollect that the Queen's Hall was actually opened with a concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society. I happened to hear of the event, and managed to get into the topmost balcony, where I sat in solitary glory. Presently I saw the area of the new and beautiful hall filling with gentlemen, and by and by, to the tune of the "National Anthem," the Prince of Wales (our present King), the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg walked up the hall to the front row of seats. I was able to give quite a long account of the hall, with all its special features, and, in addition, was able to record the presence of the three Royal Princes at this concert. That is one of many instances where the journalist who is on the outlook for news can easily find it. But his eyes and ears must always be open, and withal he must be discreet and tactful in the use of his opportunities. Let the aspiring journalist never be afraid of taking trouble to get accurate information, and he will most surely win the good opinion of those whom he serves. In two cases known to me statesmen who have been impressed by articles in a newspaper have taken the trouble to find out who wrote them, and have obtained the services of the writers as private secretaries. An able, well-informed journalist can do many things which no one could learn in any other vocation, and he gets the knack of knowing where to go for reliable facts—which is, after all, the basis of most acquired knowledge.

An Indian Jail

BY DR. JOSIAH OLDFIELD



VIEW OF JAIL FROM ENTRANCE GATE

A GUEST of the Maharajah has every door open to him! One of my first visits in Bhowanagar was to His Highness' school of education for those who had shown signs of moral disease.

The mind of an Englishman must first grasp that the climate is so hot and dry that the jail, like most other public buildings, is largely an open space, and that there are no close corridors with shut doors, or little rooms with only a tiny ray of light. Everything is open-aired!

The chief characteristic which struck me on entering the central yard was that it was very much like a menagerie, only that behind the bars were yards and sheds in which *men* were kept, and not animals!

The whole place is walled round, but the wall is not very high, and there is none of that forbidding gloom which always attaches to an English jail.

The gateway is much like the entrance to a college at Oxford, only somewhat "ramshackle." When I arrived it stood open, and a few people were in the porch, while the jailor was sitting in the little "porter's lodge," which is used as an office, with piles of rugs, and shawls, and mats, and other prison-made goods, stacked up against the wall.

We passed through the gateway into an

open garden space, where vegetables are cultivated, and where the jail infirmary is situated. This open yard-garden entirely surrounds the central building, which is thus like a small circle contained in a large circle, and the intervening space used as a vegetable garden—without any trees.

Crossing this space we came to the gate of the central enclosure, and the big key was inserted into a padlock, and this iron-railed gate opened for our admission. It seemed very like the description of Peter's leaving his prison. He too came to a gate with warders

sleeping beside it, and to another gate which creaked upon its hinges, and to an "iron" gate, which was probably only an open wooden gate like these, with iron bars in it. Had I been leaving my den in Bhowanagar jail, I should have had to run exactly the same gauntlet that Peter ran.

We were now in the centre of the inner circle in a little sentry tower, and round us an open yard, with iron-barred menagerie-gates all round it. Through these open-work gates were the prisoners, walking about or sitting working, and all with iron fetters round their ankles, and looped up in the centre to a band round their waist. They all wore the same dress: a short jacket and short trousers of rough unbleached calico, with one or two broad stripes on it. No shirt, no stockings, no boots! Their bronzed and bronzed-black skin was visible up to their elbows, on their chest down to the navel, and from above their knees to their bare feet.

One by one the gates were opened by the warders, and we visited each of the yards. In one the men were all busy with cane-work, in another with making coarse tape, in another weaving coarse cotton goods (towels, and canvas, and bed-spreads, and sheets), in another coir matting, in

An Indian Jail

another weaving woollen and cotton carpets and rugs. Some of the latter were very fine, and as the patterns that were being copied were handsome Persian and Turkish, as well as Western designs, the output of this yard was hand-work which would hold its own in the best markets of the world.

The sleeping-huts adjoined the yards, and were very like the sleeping-dens attached to the yards at the Zoo. In saying this I am not saying it disparagingly, but only to give a fairly correct idea of what the place was like. In such a hot, dry climate as this is, I would ten times rather be herded in a yard, and sleep on the ground of a mud-floored shed than be shut up in flag and stone cells, however palatial their outside might be! The sleeping-huts were long ward-like sheds, with open gratings all round, just like cowshed windows (without glass), and a door at one end. They hold about fifty, and the prisoners lie side by side on the ground, on a thin mattress and blanket, with their heads against the wall, and their feet towards the centre gangway. Four feet space is allowed for each man, and

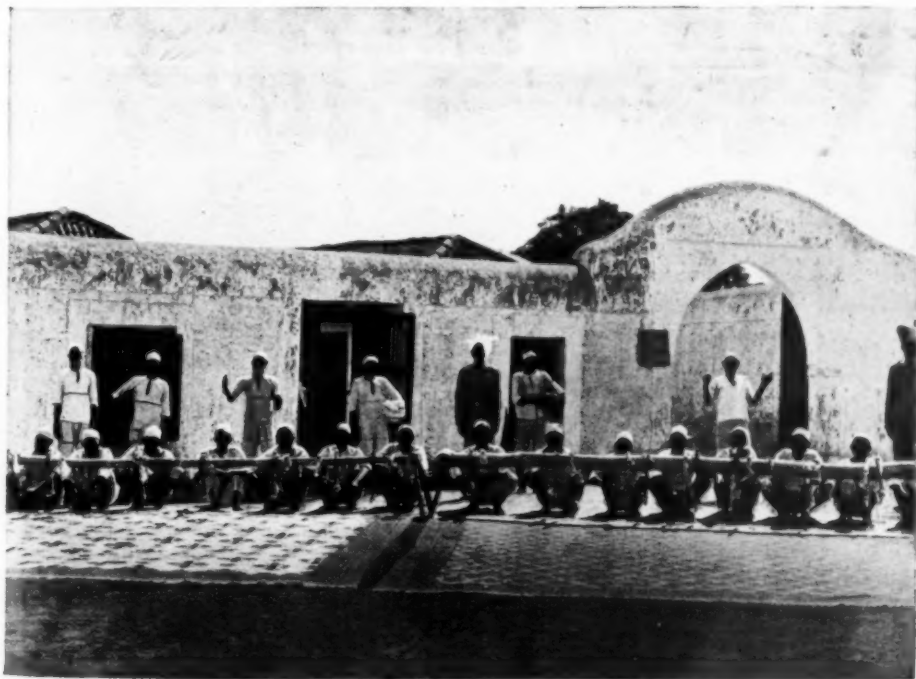
this gives about three feet for the man's body, and a foot between each. The central aisle between the opposite feet of the two rows of sleeping men is about six feet. The floor is made of a hard mud composed chiefly of cow-dung. The jailor was a most kindly man, Mr. Cooverji by name, and one in whom every honestly repentant prisoner would find a friend. He is a Parsee, who has held his present post for eleven years, and to him I am indebted for most of my information.

"What do you feed your prisoners on?" I asked.

"The dietary is as follows," he replied—
" $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Bajri flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of whole wheat flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of rice, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of lentils, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of sweet oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of fried butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of salt, and two pices' worth of vegetables, butter-milk, and condiments. The prisoners are told off in messes of sixty or seventy, and four or five men are taken out to cook for the mess. An allowance of 2 lbs of fire-wood is made per man for cooking."

"Do you take cognisance of caste in jail?"

"Oh, certainly. Why not? If a man has conscientious scruples, what right has the



PRISONERS CARPET WEAVING

An Indian Jail

law to interfere with them for mere convenience' sake?"

"Quite right," I answered; "but you are evidently intelligently ahead of many English magistrates, who look upon 'the conscientious scruples' of anti-vaccinators, for example, as objects of scoffing and ridicule! But about the food—how do you manage?"

"All the Brahmins and high-caste prisoners have their food cooked by Brahmin fellows, and they form one mess.

breakfast-hour. For breakfast they have lentil-soup, and a couple of little cakes of bread, one made of wheat flour and one of Bajri flour."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that is all; and then at eleven they set to work again, and work steadily on until 4 P.M. At four all work ceases, and they then have their battis and their dinner. Their dinner," he went on, in answer to my look of inquiry, "consists of kedjee (rice and lentils) and butter-milk



PRISONERS AND THEIR VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS

Then all the coolies and Mahommedans would go in a mess together, and all the Rajpoots would go in another mess together."

"But what about Christians?"

"We have none here, and if by chance we ever had one, we should send him to a British jail."

"Do you mind just giving me a sketch of the day's routine?" I inquired.

"Not at all," he answered. "The prisoners get up at five and wash, and put out their beds to air, and have a smoke, and then begin work at six. They work on from six to ten. From ten to eleven is the

and vegetables. Dinner-time ends at five, and then they may smoke and lie about in their yard and talk until six. Their yard is then locked up for the night, but they may still be about in it and talk up till eight, when they must go into their shed and remain on their beds until five o'clock next morning."

"You have only two meals a day, and yet no meat?" I asked. "People often think that if they don't eat meat they would have to eat much more and oftener."

"That is not our experience here. The majority of our prisoners never eat meat at any time. There is nothing to prevent

An Indian Jail

them, excepting their poverty, but I assure you that this meagre prison fare, with its two meals per day, is far better than they get at home, and as a result they improve upon it, and nearly always go out of prison healthier and stronger than they came in."

"I notice that you are fairly indulgent in the matter of smoking. Do you provide their tobacco?"

"Yes, the privilege of smoking is what we call 'a good conduct' privilege, and is only granted to prisoners after they have been in a week or two.

Then they are allowed two, three, or at times even four cigarettes per day. We also grant opium upon the medical officer's recommendation, to all well-behaved prisoners who have been accustomed to using it before admission."



WOMEN PRISONERS SPINNING

"And as to drink," I inquired, "in this hot world?"

"Water *ad lib*. Water-pots are always kept filled for them."

"And how do men get into jail?"

"Oh, just in the usual way, I suppose.



PRISON HOSPITAL

An Indian Jail



PRISONERS AT WORK, BASKET-MAKING, ETC.

We are ruled by the Code. A man is seized by the police, and taken in police custody, and thence before the magistrate. For small crimes he is sentenced at once to anything from a few days to a few months, or a first-class magistrate has authority to sentence up to three years. If it is a more serious case, he is remitted to the sessions: there the sentence may be anything from three to seven years, or if it goes before a high court judge the sentence may be up to fourteen years."

"Who are the judges?"

"All natives; most of them have English university law degrees, and have been called to the Bar also."

"What about hard labour?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "every prisoner is practically put upon 'hard labour,' such as it is, and only very rarely indeed is a man committed to prison simply. We have at the present moment 256 prisoners (240 men, and sixteen women), and I think there are only one or two who are purely idle prisoners."

"What is the general run of the offences?"

"Petty theft in the majority of cases, assault in a few, and murder rarely."

"Have you capital punishment, then?"

"Yes, in cases of murder, a certain

number—one or two every year—are condemned to death. But the sentence has always to be confirmed by the Hugur (i.e. the Maharajah in his judicial capacity) before it can be carried out."

"And if he refuses consent?"

"The man is not hanged. His Highness has full authority here to overturn any sentence passed within his territory, and in capital punishment his actual confirmation is essential."

"Are those who are imprisoned for life instead of being hanged ever set free?"

"Occasionally. In such cases as that of the late Queen's Jubilee, or in the case of the birth of a son to the Maharajah, there is always a setting of prisoners free, and at the King's Coronation we shall probably lose a good number."

"Does a man who has been imprisoned for life for murder, and then later been set free, ever commit a second murder?"

"I have never heard of such a case in my life."

"Are murderers the worst class of prisoners?"

"Not at all. They are generally very good and well-behaved, for murder is usually the result of some passion which is temporary in its character."

An Indian Jail

"Just one or two last questions. How do you keep discipline?"

"Chiefly by such small penalties as cutting off smoking. Occasionally I put a man on half-rations. Or if a prisoner badly misbehaves, the magistrate may order a flogging, or solitary confinement, or stocks; but my experience is that the pipe and the meal are the most potent factors in keeping men straight. You must remember too that the dietary here is conducive to a gentle spirit and gentle manners, and that our prisoners have very little tendency towards violence or ruffianism."

"How are your executions managed?"

"It is a very simple matter. The man has to walk up the stairs on to a platform with a catch on one side and hinges on the other, so that when the catch is pulled away the platform swings back on its hinges, and the man standing on it falls straight down, till the rope round his neck pulls up suddenly with a dreadful jerk, and his neck is either broken by the fall or he becomes gradually choked by the tight noose. I, as jailor, decide the length of the drop. The magistrate and doctor are present at the execution. The actual execution (*i. e.* the fixing the cap and noose and pulling the catch) is done by some man of the lowest untouchable caste, to whom we pay a small sum for the job."

"He has no experience, then, because you get a new man each time?"

"What experience is needed? Anybody can put a rope round a man's neck and pull the catch away. It is simply a question of finding a man low-caste enough to do it, and there are plenty of those anywhere."

"Have you hanged any women?"

"No, never in this prison. I believe a

woman is occasionally hanged, but if so, it is very rarely indeed."

"Do you consider that jail-life tends to demoralise men?"

"What would you have? If a young, innocent-minded fellow is brought here for perhaps his first little pilfering, and straightway he has to live for weeks or months side by side with all the worst people we have in Bhowmagur, how can he help getting depraved by his prison-life?"

"I am much struck," I said, "that you make no mention of drunkenness as the great cause of crime in Bhowmagur. How do you account for this?"

"I suppose," he answered, somewhat reluctantly, "it is because we are not Christians here."

And a sense of sorrow and shame came over me, that in the minds of those whom I had been taught to call "heathen," the Christianity of England was looked upon as the cause of our national vice.

The little infirmary within the outer court was under the care of a native doctor, who was evidently well-beloved. His work must have been hard and monotonous, and, without that nursing that we have learned in England to look upon as essential to good treatment, must have presented many disappointments, but he had a brave face and a kind heart, and, in spite of his hospital being a shed with a cow-dung mud floor, he was working away as faithfully as the highest men on the staff of St. Bartholomew's or the Salpêtrière.

I am sending to England specimens of the prison-work, as, if freightage does not kill it, there are great possibilities of a trade which would be mutually beneficial.



Photo by

NORWICH CATHEDRAL

W. L. Irwin

The Royal Irish Constabulary

"**W**HAT magnificent material for an Army!" exclaimed a well-known General, as he watched an inspection of a large body of Ireland's armed police.

And indeed the Royal Irish Constabulary is a semi-military force which any country might be proud to possess, composed as it is of picked men of high character and splendid physique, drilled by rigid military discipline and *esprit de corps* into a civil army without a peer in the world. That this is no idle boast, those who are familiar with Ireland can bear witness, for they must also be familiar with the soldier-like appearance and intelligent face of the R.I.C. man, who is to be met with in the most out-of-the-way places, from Dublin to Connemara, from the Giant's Causeway to Killarney Lakes. Comparisons are odious, but compared with the ordinary, non-military policeman of rural districts elsewhere, the R.I.C. constable is as the smart guardsman of the London Parks compared with the rawest militiaman from the wilds of the North or West. In the average Irish village he is looked upon as an eligible *parti* for the belle of the place, and although in certain districts the "Peeler" has had, and still has, his times and seasons of unpopularity, there is no doubt that, on the whole, all classes and creeds respect and honour him as the friend of the law-abiding and as a terror to evil-doers.

Let us first glance at the history of the Constabulary.

Previous to the year 1836 there existed no regular police force in Ireland. In that year, however, Mr. Drummond, Under-Secretary for Ireland, determined to consolidate the old Barony Constables and Peace Preservation Police into one body, to be called the Constabulary of Ireland, controlled by an Inspector General—an officer in direct communication with the Executive Government.

In 1839 a Reserve Force was established, consisting of two District Inspectors, four head constables, and not over 200 sergeants and constables.

Later on, however, it was increased to 600 men, with officers—the present strength is about 400 of all ranks.

The Headquarters of the Reserve Force, 688

including the excellent band, and the Training School for the Constabulary in general, has been, since 1843, at the Depot in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, which, in the year just named, superseded the separate provincial depots.

In 1857 the duties of the Revenue Police, a body 1200 strong, were assigned to the Constabulary, who gained some 400 men and a good deal of extra work by the transfer.

In 1865 an extra force was given to Belfast, and, five years later, to Londonderry. It may be mentioned, in passing, that the whole of Ireland, with the exception of Dublin, is policed by the R.I. Constabulary.

In 1848 the number of the Constabulary was increased from 9000 to 11,000, caused by rumours of rebellion, which occurred on a small scale that year, and, after some show of resistance, was suppressed.

In 1852 the late Queen reviewed the Constabulary in the Phoenix Park.

Next came the more formidable rising of 1867, when the Fenians, Irish and American-Irish, caused something of a scare. In March of that year, in wintry weather, the outbreak commenced.

But at Kilmallock, Drogheda and Tallaght, the Constabulary put the Fenians to flight, and, without much expenditure of blood on either side, the movement collapsed. Then the Constabulary were, so to speak, "trotted to the front." Parliament voted them £2000—and thanks—and, in September of the same year, the Lord Lieutenant, at a parade at the Depot, informed them of Her Majesty's command that in future they should bear the title of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and adopt for a badge the Harp and Crown.

Again, in 1882, Parliament voted them £180,000, in consequence of their arduous duties during the Land League agitation of the previous years.

In 1883, owing to the supply of recruits falling short, and to the heavy demand for the same, Army Reserve men of high character were allowed to join the Force.

Very few of them, however, remained for long—owing probably to the combination of hard work and rigid discipline they were compelled to undergo.

We should perhaps mention that in 1882

The Royal Irish Constabulary

there was a certain amount of discontent and insubordination in the ranks, but this, supposed by some to be due to sympathy with the agrarian agitation, "was" (we are quoting a high authority) "entirely due to grievances, real or supposed, in the Force itself, which . . . were inquired into and . . . redressed."

Having dealt to some extent with the history and services of the Force, let us inquire into its constitution, and how it is supplied with the raw material.

Taking the men first, recruits must be of good physique and not less than 5 ft. 9 in. in height—indeed, men of 6 ft. and over are very common—between 18 and 27 years of age, of good character and well educated. This, it should be noted, is a higher standard as regards height alone than that for the Guards. Indeed, if the newly-formed regiment of Irish Guards could fill its ranks up from the R.I.C., it would be second to none in the British Army, not only in physique but in every other way. It has been arranged, however, that Reservists from the Irish Guards will be allowed to join the R.I.C., which will be a stimulus to recruiting for that regiment.

The writer has more than once coached these stalwart boys in the subject of the simple but competitive examination they all must undergo.

The accepted recruit is sent direct to the Depot, where he remains until considered fit to be drafted to an outlying station. The average time of his stay is about six months. He is there instructed in police duties and drill, taught how to use his rifle and bayonet, and well grounded in habits of tidiness, order and discipline generally.

Any one who visits a country "barrack" can see that these habits have been well instilled into the Force as a whole.

Until quite recently the antiquated short Snider rifle and saw-sword bayonet, together with the truncheon, formed the arms of the whole force, with the exception of the mounted men, some 150 in number, who carry swords and revolvers. Now the Martini-Henry carbine is in the hands of the men—let us hope they may not be called on to test it on their fellows! As a rule, however, except on night-patrol or special duty, in disturbed districts, arms are not carried.

Rifle practice is carried out in all districts annually. The cyclist is the latest addition to the Force, and a useful one he has proved

to be—in his serviceable uniform, astride his steely steed.

The uniform of the ordinary constable is smart-looking, being very similar to that of the Rifle Regiments, green-black, the tunic with dull black buttons; but they wear a round forage cap, with the badge on red cloth in front, and a spiked helmet for full dress, the latter perhaps no great improvement on the double-peaked shako which it replaced many years ago.

As to the officering of the Force, candidates for cadetships, who have to be 5 ft. 8 in. in height, and between the ages of 21 and 26 (or 28 in the case of naval and military officers), must first receive a nomination from the Chief Secretary, and then, having been pronounced medically fit, have to undergo a pretty stiff examination at the hands of the Civil Service Commissioners. The competition for these examinations is severe, ten, or even more, candidates competing for each vacancy. The subjects and marks are roughly as follows:—

| | Marks. |
|---|--------|
| What we may term High Class Reading, } Writing and Arithmetic | 1000 |
| Geography (especially that of the British } Islands) and British History | 350 |
| Latin or French | 200 |
| Law | 300 |
| Total | 1850 |

The successful candidate joins the Depot for instruction in police duties, drill, riding, etc., for six or eight months, after which he is appointed to a district as third-class District Inspector, should there be a vacancy; in this position he may at once be called upon to undertake responsible and arduous duties.

Half the vacancies for District Inspectors have been for some time filled by deserving Head Constables, who have, however, to pass a severe literary and professional test before appointment. This is a step in the right direction, as it brings forward clever, well-trained men, and is a means of attracting the best class of recruits.

The Force was at first officered by retired military officers, but this did not work well.

Generally, however, the Inspector General has been an old army man, and Sir Neville Chamberlain, recently appointed to the position, is no exception to this rule. But the late Inspector General, Sir Andrew Reed, K.C.B., LL.D., who held the position up to last year from 1885, was from the

The Royal Irish Constabulary

first a Constabulary officer, and is a graduate of Dublin University and a Barrister-at-Law. The officers, other than those promoted from the rank of Head Constable, are, as a rule, sons of country or professional gentlemen, and many are distinguished graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, or the Royal Universities. Indeed, for a young man, fond of country life and society, with occasionally plenty of hard work thrown in, there are few professions that offer such inducements as does service in the R.I. Constabulary.

And we may mention, in passing, that many old R.I.C. officers now hold high official positions, not only in Ireland, but in England and the Colonies.

The pay of all classes is briefly as follows:—

| | £ |
|--|--|
| Inspector General | 1800 |
| Deputy Inspector General | 1200 |
| Assistant Inspector General | 800 |
| County Inspectors | 350 to 500 |
| | (with allowances) |
| District Inspectors (according to class) | 125 to 330 |
| Head Constables | 91 to 104 |
| Sergeants | 72 to 80 |
| Constables | 39 to 70 |
| | (the latter after twenty years' service) |

There is also an elaborate system of pension for officers and men.

Besides their ordinary duties of preserving the peace, the Constabulary have the following items, amongst others, to attend to:—

- Collecting agricultural statistics.
- Taking the Census.
- Escorting convicts and prisoners.
- Enforcing such Acts of Parliament as deal with Fisheries, Dogs, Spirits, Explosives, etc.
- Executing various warrants.
- Acting as inspectors of weights and measures.

Customs duties, for prevention of smuggling.

Excise duties, for prevention of illicit distillation.

Perhaps the most unpleasant and trying duties that fall to the lot of the Constabulary are those of assisting at evictions, and trying to preserve the peace when party riots are imminent.

When riots do occur the Constabulary often suffer severely, as during the last serious Belfast disturbances, when over 100 men were injured.

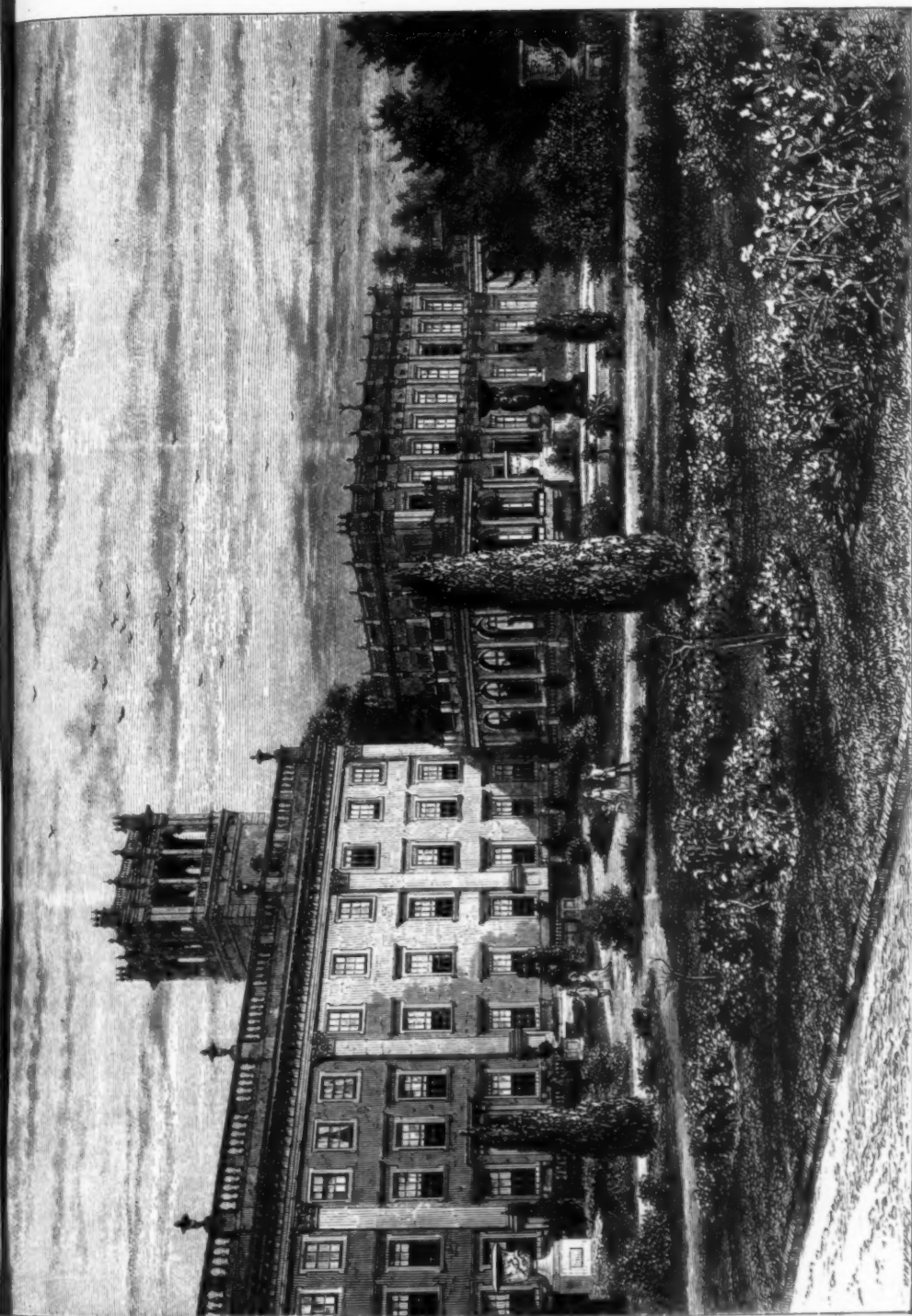
The present strength of the Royal Irish Constabulary is over 11,000 of all ranks, made up of—Inspector General, Deputy Inspector General, three Assistant Inspectors General, 36 County Inspectors (including Belfast), 220 District Inspectors, 250 Head Constables, and somewhere between 10,000 and 11,000 sergeants and constables.

It is interesting to note what a number of Head and other Constables possess medals, granted for various services in connection with the saving of life, the prevention of cruelty to animals, etc. The total number is 110—a record of which the R.I.C. may be as proud as the country is of the recipients.

At the present moment, when the country is to a great extent denuded of regular troops, the importance of having a well-armed, well-disciplined force available in Ireland is apparent. The men of the Constabulary are stationed in small detachments throughout the length and breadth of the land, so that it would be impossible for any movement threatening the peace of the country to mature without their knowledge. And we may feel assured that these men are able and willing to deal with any situation that may arise.

GUY SHEPPERTON.





Drawn and engraved for "The Leisure Hour" by Edward Wimper

TRENTHAM HALL

NEAR STOKE-ON-TRENT: THE RESIDENCE OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND

A Journalist's Autobiography

THE young republic of the West made the experiment of laying down its cities much as it had laid down its constitution, on broad and straight lines, with streets spacious as the rights of men, and pointing to a greater future. Old Europe had its walled towns, cabined and confined, and their growth was the chance medley of centuries; when men began the work of reconstruction, they fell back on dull uniformities, and it required, and still requires, a phalanx of Ruskins to bring the cities to proportion and variety. Our educational systems have seemed to be devised in much the same fashion; we have had our fair ideals, but for the most part expected and achieved only conventional results. There are the same contraries of character, if not so strongly drawn, as in the centuries past; but the types that re-create a time are fewer, and the ordinary rather than the exceptional qualities dominate; though, when great occasions arise, the country has never long lacked men who were equal to them.

One feature of interest in the biographies which have been heaped upon us during the last twenty years is to be found in the glimpses they give us of unusual character in inconspicuous places. There are many such in Stillman's *Autobiography of a Journalist*—few recent books are richer in them.¹ Yet he himself takes no historical place, prefers no claims to distinction in either literature or art, but tells only of associations and aims. For many years he was known as *The Times* correspondent in Rome. Almost his last work for Italy was his history of the revolutionary period. He returned to England, made himself a home in charming Surrey, and, following the advice of a Boston publisher, set himself to complete his *Autobiography*. It had not long been published when, in the summer of last year, he fell ill and died. He came himself to regard this last book as the "history of a mind," and speaks of it as "a human document." In a degree it is representative; but while the record contains many things of large interest, the introspective purpose weakens it, and tends to

diffusiveness. Readers will turn to it chiefly, and gladly, for the light it throws on passing life.

A Woman of Rhode Island

The narrative begins in America, in days when the quickest channel of communication westward was by the Erie Canal, with its horse "packets," travelling four miles an hour, the traffic barges making scarcely more than two. Stillman's mother was a descendant of John Moxon, one of the band of Roger Williams, who found a refuge from the Puritan rule of Massachusetts in the wilder parts of "Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," where, in the absence of all established law and government, they could claim liberty of conscience in a larger sense than the churches had yet conceived. Sects and meeting-houses as a consequence multiplied. The world had yet to learn that the days when every man is his own Pope may be as dangerous as those which are governed by one infallible Pontiff; but this free training of conscience, if it often made the life of a soul a struggle, developed elements of character that were of national account. The colony became "a picked community of disputants," who all knew the Bible. The Seventh Day Baptists were from the first the most conspicuous sect; they not only practised immersion, but insisted on a literal observance of the Seventh Day. The Puritan rule had compelled the keeping of the Sunday; and the keeping of the two days, both the Seventh and the First, had become a burden too heavy to be borne. As time went on, many Jews sought the settlement.

Nature was as intractable as theology, and the sternest creed scarcely sterner than the general conditions of existence. The practical housewifery of those early days was strikingly illustrated in a feat of which the mother used to tell. During the revolutionary war, one of the boys of her grandfather's family "volunteered, or was drawn, in the militia for active service; but, as he had no clothes fit for the camp, the sisters had a black and a white sheep brought from the pasture and clipped, and within twenty-four hours had spun, woven and made up a suit of mixed grey clothes

¹ *The Autobiography of a Journalist*. By W. J. Stillman, L.H.D. (Concordia), late Correspondent of *The Times* in Rome. (Grant Richards.)

A Journalist's Autobiography

for the brother to go to the war in. No doubt such things were done in many another home, even in later times."

The Stillmans on both sides of the family came of this Seventh Day sect. The mother, of whom we have already spoken, was the eldest of a family of five, left motherless when she was sixteen. She ruled the household with authority, and could pull an oar or manage the sail-boat with her brothers, and catch the horses and ride them bare-backed from pasture. Her father was director of the small-pox hospital in Newport, and when her mother died she had to take the place of matron there also. The hospital, moreover, was a quarantine station, and many cases were brought to the port; sometimes in going the rounds at night she would find five or six dead in the dead-room at once. When she in her turn came to marry, she went to a life of extreme frugality, and often laid down to sleep hungry, that the children might have enough to eat. She fulfilled all household duties, including washing and baking, and spun and wove and made up the clothes.

"Her life," writes her son, "was a constant prayer, or wrestling with God for the salvation of her children. No image of her remains in my mind so clear as that in which I see her sitting by the fireside in the dim light of our single home-made candle, her knitting-needles flying and her lips moving in prayer, while the tears stole down her cheeks in the fervency of her devotion, until she felt that she was being noticed, when the windows of her soul were suddenly shut, and she turned to some subject of common interest." She longed with passionate desire that at least one of her children should be dedicated to the service of God. The lurid terrors of a distorted creed fell sometimes upon her spirit. When one of her boys died in early childhood, she was distracted with fears lest he should have lived long enough to sin, and have died unrepentant. Even of her own salvation she had only a faltering hope, stumbling in the midst of the dim decrees, though her whole soul bowed in reverent submission. The spirit of unbending righteousness to which she aspired made her domestic discipline severe; she did not spare the rod, and it was wielded by an athletic arm. Yet withal she was without bigotry in her judgment of others, so far giving logical place to the liberty of conscience which her forefathers claimed;

and she was tender-hearted to those who suffered.

Such is the woman of Rhode Island as she shows in Mr. Stillman's pages—a strenuous type that has passed away. But the conditions of thought which shaped it also in the end broke it. Revolt was sure. It was at the Newport of the Stillmans that Channing was born. In less than a lifetime the ascendancy of Boston made the intellectual reaction plain. The Quaker element had all along its place in the historical development; but it was the group of which Emerson and Lowell and Longfellow were afterwards the most widely known who supplanted the Puritan on his own fields. So that in the beginnings of American literature, while the moral purpose was still conspicuous, the dogmatic basis was entirely changed. The process by which this change came may be discerned in the stages of the son's *Autobiography*. At the outstart it is significant that he ran away from home to escape his father's severity, and that when he returned the rod was buried.

A Nation in the Making

The boy was sent to live with his eldest brother in New York, there to attend a public school. The Public School Society was then the chief agency of instruction; it had been organised for free and unsectarian education, and received subsidies from the municipalities; its sixteen school-houses had each its average of a thousand children. Manhattan Island was then poor grazing land, interspersed with rolling ledges of bare granite. From New York he was sent to a village school, then under the charge of another brother, in the centre of the state.

One incident of his experience he notes—the fog of stupidity which fell upon him in his early school years, from seven to fourteen, so that he came to be known as the stupid boy of his class; suddenly the fog lifted, memory came back, and he passed also a brilliant examination in mathematics. May not the psychology of stupidity be yet worth a further study? While we tenderly care for the idiot, we heap our oburgations mercilessly upon stupid folk.

We get a further glimpse of early American life, when young Stillman passed on to college, and, following the custom of

A Journalist's Autobiography

many students, gave the winter term and the vacations to teaching in the district schools, so as to be able to meet the expenses of other terms. One season he passed amid a community of Scotch Cameronians settled in one of the valleys tributary to that of the Mohawk. The wages were twelve dollars a month, and "board around," that is, staying a week at the houses of the parents in turn. One Sunday afternoon he was overtaken in the woods by a snow-storm. Sometimes the snow gathered to his waist; at other times in crossing the drifts he had to break the crust by throwing himself full length upon it. Late at night he sought refuge in a solitary house. At one of the houses at which he had to take his turn there had been a door cut between the room he slept in and the farmyard, but the door had never been put in; a curtain supplied its place, and during the night a heavy drift formed between the opening and the bed. In this room he shared the bed of the hired man, who was paid the same wages. The poverty of these farmers was extreme; except for the vegetables, the sailors at sea in those times fared better. Once in later years, while painting a cascade, Stillman lodged with one of them for six weeks, and saw only two articles of animal food—salt fish for breakfast and salt pork for dinner. "A sturdy independence was the dominating trait of character, which was made itself an enslavement by the narrow range of thought which everywhere prevailed."

A Student of Art

It was as a student of art that Stillman launched upon the outer world. There was not then a single school of art in America; Thomas Cole was its leading painter in landscape. But the fame of Turner had crossed the Atlantic; and Stillman determined to go to England, if only to see his pictures. By the aid of his elder brother, he obtained a free passage in a sailing ship to Liverpool. His letters secured him introductions in London. The generous side of Englishmen was turned to the young American. The first weeks were passed in hunting up pictures by Turner, and he made early acquaintance with Griffiths, the dealer who was Turner's special agent. At his shop he chanced to meet Ruskin, who asked him to Denmark Hill, and began an acquaint-

ance which led some years later to the more important invitation that he should accompany him to Switzerland, and do some Alpine work for him. The journey brought out disagreements; Stillman in the retrospect contends that Ruskin's theory of art was wrong, however high his purpose, and has much to say of the famous master that may challenge discussion. It was some time before he saw Turner himself. Griffiths had told him that in his presence an American collector, James Lenox, of New York, after offering Turner £5000, which was refused, for the old *Téméraire*, offered him a blank cheque, which was also rejected. It was at this dealer's that he met Turner, who received him brusquely, and afterwards fell into friendly talk.

The Peasant Painter

From this period onward we have glimpses of many painters, and much talk of art. The most interesting passages are, perhaps, those which relate to the Barbizon groups, to Millet, and Theodore Rousseau, whom he holds to be the greatest landscape painters, and whose skies were "the most vaporous" he ever saw. "Rousseau used to say that if you had not your picture in the first five lines you would never have it, and he laid down as a rule that whenever you worked on it, you should go over the whole and keep it together, growing in all parts *pari passu*." And here is a criticism of larger bearing:

"Of Millet I saw much less, but enough to know the man and his art, simple and human, the one as the other. His love for manhood in its most primitive attainable type, the peasant, was the outcome of his conception of art, such as the Greek of the early schools conceived it: the expression of humanity in a simple and therefore noble state, and of the honest, open, healthy nature of the man himself, averse from all sophistication of society, reverent of an ideal in art, and intolerant of affectations of any kind. He conceived and executed his pictures in the pure Greek spirit, working out his ideal as his imagination presented it to him, not as the model served him. The form is of his own day, the spirit of his art that of all time, and of all good art, the elaboration of a type, and not merely the reproduction of a picturesque model. It is the custom now to class all peasant subjects, emulating the forms of Millet, as belonging to his art. Nothing is more absurd, for the art of Millet is subjective, not realistic; it was in the feeling of the art of Phidias and the Italian Renaissance, not in the modern *pose plastique*. The peasant in it was merely incidental to his sympathy with ideal life. Millet was himself a peasant (he used to say), and his moral purpose, if he had any;

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was the glorification, so far as art can effect it, of his class, the class which above all others in his eyes dignified humanity, and held his sympathy. The feeling was with him no affectation, but the deliberate, final conclusion of his life—he revered the *sabot* and the *blouse*, the implements of tillage and work, as the Greek did his gods and the implements of war and glory; he saw humanity reduced to its simplest and most noble physical functions and possibilities, as the Greek did the perfection of the physical form, but he lacked the perception of the types of pure beauty of the Greeks."

The Austrian Crown Jewels

These studies in art were on the point of being swept aside by more adventurous pursuits. Englishmen of to-day are far removed from the tide of feeling which swept across the Continent after the revolution of 1848. It was long before the nations found again their equilibrium. The Hungarian struggle was followed with deep interest. When Kossuth emerged as the hero of the insurrection to appeal for sympathy, crowds gathered where he spoke, and his oratory fascinated the more by reason of his perfect English. His journey through the United States was a triumphant progress, if judged by the feeling he aroused; but only a wild dreamer could imagine that America would come to the help of the new age against the despotisms of the old world. Kossuth appealed for aid. Stillman had "the heart of the young man" who believes in the coming days. He saw Kossuth frequently at night. "Mr. Stillman," broke out the patriot on one occasion in anger, "if your country does not get rid of these politicians it will be ruined in fifty years." He had just received a committee which had promised him two ships of war and a sum of money, if he would use his influence on the foreign vote in favour of their candidate in the presidential election! A scheme was proposed to utilise Stillman's services in the formation of a deposit of arms and materials of war in a little island to the south of Sardinia. This fell through, and other plans took its place. The narrative is not clear, but it would seem as if some political dream mingled with the art ideals, and hid behind the innocent project of seeing Turner's pictures. For we find him "summoned to London," and after awhile meeting a little assembly of refugees every Sunday night to discuss the politics of Europe. It was presently decided that he should carry a proclamation from Kossuth

to the Hungarian soldiers of the Italian garrison at Milan; but before Mazzini's schemes were ripe a more dangerous mission was entrusted to him. The full story must be sought in the *Autobiography*. But the main facts throw curious and romantic light on one of the episodes of the Hungarian war.

On the failure of the insurrection, when Kossuth was about to escape into Turkey, he concealed the crown jewels of Austria, including the crown of St. Stephen, without which no Hungarian king could be lawfully crowned, at some point on the Danube. They were buried by a detachment of prisoners, all of whom were afterwards shot. Only one living soul beside himself, a colleague in the ministry, remained cognisant of the place. Kossuth heard that this colleague was about to disclose their hiding-place to the Austrian Government, and determined to organise a secret expedition for their removal. Stillman was to be the apparent head. A cipher despatch was prepared, which he was to carry to a trusted person. It was hidden in the stanza of a song, each letter in the song being represented by a fraction, and it was written in four parts. The four persons concerned were to meet and spell out the directions, and when the jewels were recovered they were to be hidden again in a box of conserve, carried to Constantinople, and from there despatched to safe-keeping at Boston. Stillman wrapped the two parts of which he had charge in thin gutta-percha, and deposited them in the sole of his boot, under a stout heel-tap. He was to move leisurely from place to place, as an American traveller. In Vienna, and afterwards in Pesth, he found himself in grave peril; and before he could discover Kossuth's correspondent the boot wore down. Fearing lest he should lay bare some clue, he took out the cipher, and threw his boots by night into the Danube, narrowly escaping arrest as he did so. New dangers then beset him, and to save himself he had at last to destroy the despatch.

The Forest Primeval

When next we find Stillman in America, it is in the Adirondack Wilderness, the primeval forest of the northern part of New York State, where in his passion for Nature he had resolved to spend a summer.

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He found the backwoods life lead as a rule to hard drinking. There was no idealism in the solitudes, no inspiration in the forest beauty, no charm of simplicity in the log-house—only for the most part a coarse materialism, humanity on a lower level than in the villages. Apparently, as far as man is concerned, the evolution that Nature provides, when sole and sovereign, is one of degeneration. Mr. Stillman describes a strange experience when he made his way across a trackless mountain, twelve miles, through a darkness that compelled him to grope his way with outstretched hands, and without any guidance, resolutely following only the impulse of his mind. He emerged at the place he sought, and raises the question whether it may not be possible for man, by mental action, to attain to the sure precision of an animal, which will traverse unknown distances, and reach its goal by some independent faculty beyond our ken. There is no evidence, however, of such an instinct being developed in the forests, where, on the contrary, "wood-madness" is a frequent incident, the insanity which comes upon men when they find themselves lost in their mighty maze.

This first visit to the Adirondack Wilderness was followed by a holiday spent there with Boston and Cambridge men; and that led on to the formation of the Adirondack Club, for which Stillman secured a tract

of more than 22,000 acres. Their camp was pitched in the midst of virgin forests. Emerson in his poem of *The Adirondacks* has described that first meeting. Lowell was there, and Agassiz, and Wyman, and many another well-known American.

"We seemed the dwellers of the zodiac,
So pure the alpine element we breathed,
So light, so lofty, pictures came and went.
We trode on air, contemned the distant town,
Its timorous ways, big trifles . . .

Nor doubt but visitings of graver thought
Checked in these souls the turbulent heyday,
'Mid all the hints and glories of the home.
Judge with what sweet surprises Nature spoke
To each apart, lifting her lovely shows
To spiritual lessons. . . .

What wilt thou, restless bird,
Seeking in that chaste blue a bluer light,
Thirsting in that pure for a purer sky?"

We may not follow the full years as they lead the *Autobiography* on through troublous times in Crete, where Stillman was American consul, across the Montenegrin heights, and stormy frontiers of freedom, to revolutionary Italy and Rome, under the Crispi administration. The portrait which precedes the volumes gives the idea of an intellectual dreamer, with a saddened vision of life. Stillman was more than "journalist." Perhaps Browning would put him among the men who were worthy by reason of their "reach."

W. S.



BATHING IN THE RIVER SABURINATI GHAT, INDIA

Photo by D. M. Mchta, Ahmedabad

How Plants Make Friends:

THE ROMANCE OF SYMBIOSIS

IN recent years the question of parasitism has become of paramount importance in the sphere of the biologist. The idea of one organism having sought out another to prey upon it, and to take from it the nourishment which Nature originally intended every living thing to produce for itself—the bondage of the host to its unwelcome visitor, “an old man of the sea” which it cannot throw off—the inevitable revenge of Nature when, set at naught, she takes away those powers which the wretched parasite despised and put to no use—this idea, we say, fascinates alike the most elementary student and the most learned professor.

In considering the phenomenon of parasitism two points immediately strike us. Firstly, that here we have two organisms living a life together, a life of intimate connection, as distinguished from the independent life of ordinary non-parasitic organisms. Secondly, that in this dual life there is a want of reciprocity. The benefit is all on one side—the side of the parasite. On the part of the host there is certainly no advantage to be gained, even if no evil results actually follow. By these two points do we distinguish between parasitism and independence.

But between the states of parasitism on the one hand, and independence on the other, a new condition of life has recently been shown to exist, and the discovery and recognition of this condition may fairly be claimed as one of the greatest steps biology has taken during the last forty years. In this state—to which the name of Symbiosis has been given—one of the two characteristics of parasitism exists, the other does not. There is a “dwelling together,” as the name implies, a double life of two dissimilar organisms; but this “dwelling together” is not that of a host and an unwelcome visitor, but is rather the dwelling together of friends, where mutual help and mutual advantage obtains. Each supplies something to the other, or renders some service, and in return receives that which it most needs. This symbiotic condition is known in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms; indeed, it has been half-recognised for a long time among animal biologists, but in dealing with facts concerning

it in plant-life, to which this paper is restricted, we are treating of the results of very recent research.

The first hint of symbiosis appears to have been given by De Bary, some forty years ago, when treating of the nature of lichens in connection with his work on the Fungi. He there suggested that lichens were either the perfectly developed forms of certain elementary green plants, or algæ which had hitherto been recognised only in an early stage, or that those algæ assumed the form of lichens when they were attacked by a fungus. Dr. Schwendener, an eminent German botanist, followed up the hint given in the latter alternative, and soon felt himself in a position to assert boldly that “each lichen is not a single plant at all, but is really an establishment of two plants living in intimate union and for their mutual benefit.” Thus was made the first decisive utterance on vegetable symbiosis. Schwendener went on to show that the lichen was composed of two distinct elements, easily detected under a lens; namely, of delicate transparent fungus filaments, among which lay a number of small round green bodies or algæ, algæ being those forms of green plants which stand lowest in the scale of development. Lichens had always been regarded before this as simple members of the vegetable kingdom, a group peculiar to themselves indeed, but still with no hint of their extraordinary double nature, and Schwendener’s great work lay in his pointing out that they were not simple plants at all, but a complex combination of two individuals, both of which were known and studied in their isolated forms. This theory of duality raised great opposition; it was an entirely new idea, and not to be received off-hand. It was denounced even in the ‘70’s as a “sensational romance” and a “turbid hypothesis.” Now, however, symbiosis between the algæ and the fungus has been irrefragably proved, the cap-stone of proof being added by Bornet, who produced a perfect lichen by sowing together certain algæ and the spores of certain fungi, and awaiting the resulting development.

But it has been asked on all sides how these combinations arise so regularly in Nature? how do the particular fungus and the particular algæ meet? Professor Kerner

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answers this question in his great work on *Plant Life*, a work which has been given to the English public by Dr. Oliver. He relates an experiment made in a mountain valley in the Tyrol thus: "A plane surface covered with white filter paper, which was kept moist, was exposed to a south wind; in the course of a few hours numerous particles, like dust, adhered to the paper, and amongst them cell-groups of *Nostocineæ*, and others of the above-mentioned algæ, occurred regularly, in addition to organic fragments of the most various kinds, such as pollen grains and spores of all sorts of mosses and fungi. All these bodies were deposited in the little depressions on the sheet of paper, and in the same way they rest in the grooves, cavities, and cracks in the surfaces of stone, bark, and old woodwork, where they succeed in reaching a further development as soon as the requisite quantity of water is provided. Now if at these places the little algæ-cell groups meet with hyphæ belonging to the other potential partner, the latter embrace and enmesh them, and thus is produced the confederacy called a lichen."

But if there is true symbiosis in lichens, there is mutual advantage. Wherein then does it lie? It is a well-known fact that all vegetable life can be divided into two great classes. In the one we have plants containing the green colouring, and in the other plants which contain none. This apparently simple difference involves a fundamental distinction in the nature of their respective foods. Plants which are green can, by virtue of their green colouring matter, build up for themselves complex organic substances from simple ones, but plants deficient in it cannot do so. They require that their food shall be presented to them already in organic combination, hence a fungus, being devoid of green colour, is compelled to find its food ready prepared. Some fungi get it from decaying organic matter, others from living animals and plants, while the group of fungi we find in lichens have hit upon the expedient of preying upon the algæ. But in return for its food the fungus makes recompense. It acts somewhat as a sponge, and retains moisture necessary for the alga; moreover, in growing it gives off carbonic acid gas, a gas necessary to the alga for the construction of its food materials. It also contributes certain mineral substances to the raw food-stuffs of the alga.

For many years lichens remained the solitary known instance of symbiosis; but once the possibility of such a condition of things was admitted, botanists were on the alert for other examples, since it was not probable that Nature had made lichens a law unto themselves.

But even then it was not until 1888 that Dr. Marshall Ward, one of the greatest living botanists, described two other examples in a paper in the *Annals of Botany*, both of a very curious and interesting character; interesting especially from the fact that in each case one of the two partners is an old acquaintance, and so we do not get the feeling of strangeness which comes when we treat with the little-known lichen partners.

In this review Dr. Ward showed that if we examine the roots of many of our forest trees, such as beeches, willows, poplars, etc., we find them covered by a thick felting of fungus filaments, a covering so thick and dense that it is quite impossible for the root-hairs to develop and perform their proper function of taking up nutriment for the tree. In the oldest branch as in the youngest rootlet is found alike this curious combination of fungus and root, to which the name of *Mycorrhiza* has been given; wherever the root branches and goes, there the fungus follows, "accompanying it like a shadow, whatever its course." Closer examination shows that while some of the filaments dip down into the cells of the root itself, others are given off from the surface of the felting, and ramify in the ground in the manner of real root-hairs.

And herein lies the symbiosis. As in the lichen, the fungus maintains its own life by drawing upon the root for food, which it finds there ready prepared, while at the same time it renders service to its greater colleague by being an efficient substitute for the root-hairs which it has displaced, and so acting as a medium by means of which the nutriment and moisture from the soil are transferred to the cells of the root. But its good offices do not end here, for it appears to have a stimulating effect upon the root itself. Those roots which have entered into this union are thicker and branch more frequently than those which are free. Therefore, in the *mycorrhiza* of our forest trees it is plain we have a second satisfactory instance of symbiosis.

The other case of the same phenomenon recorded by Dr. Ward is found among the

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peas, beans, clovers and others of the leguminous type of flowering plants, and again the union lies between fungus and root. But not here does the fungus web clothe the root and act as root-hairs. The root-hairs are normal, and we must examine the interior of the root itself if we would find the dwelling-place of the fungus. Evidence of its presence is derived from groups of nodules or small swellings which occur at various points on the branches of the root. On opening these nodules and examining them microscopically, the presence of a fungus may be detected ramifying and spreading in all directions. It is obvious that, since the plants are flourishing and healthy, the presence of the fungus is not detrimental, that no injury accrues to the host for its temerity in furnishing a dwelling-place to the stranger. It is likewise obvious that the fungus would not be uniformly there, did it not derive some advantage from its position; and it is easy enough to see that advantage, for, as usual, the fungus is seeking to get its food ready prepared. But though this is simple enough, a more difficult question confronts us. What effect does it have upon the generous host? What return can a fungus shut up in a root possibly make for the benefits it receives? A very ingenious theory has been brought forward to solve this knotty point. Shortly put, it is this:

It is an acknowledged fact that, as a rule, plants are unable to acquire and make use of the free nitrogen in the air. All the nitrogen they need, and they need a good deal, is obtained by their roots from the soil, in the form of solutions of salts containing nitrogen; so that if the soil in which they are grown could be deprived of all nitrogen, the plants would starve, notwithstanding the vast quantities of this gas in the air. But it has been a matter of observation that peas, beans, clovers, and other leguminous plants differ from all others in this important respect. They are *not* dependent upon the soil for their nitrogen. Helriegel showed this in a rather pretty experiment. Seeds of certain grasses were sown in pots containing earth which he had previously deprived of all its nitrogen. In a short time after germination, as had been expected, the little plants starved. But peas grown under precisely similar conditions were vigorous, healthy plants. But Helriegel went further, he sterilised some nitrogenless earth, so that it would be

impossible for any peas sown in it to find a partner to form a symbiotic union. Then he took eighty pea plants and watered twenty of them with soil washings, thus introducing micro-organisms, the other sixty he supplied with only absolutely pure water. As a result, he found that all the first-mentioned twenty plants flourished and did well, while out of the remaining sixty only ten lived. Therefore, in nitrogenless earth even pea plants must starve if without their friendly fungus. This, then, seems to prove that it is in virtue alone of the symbiosis that the leguminous plant can take the nitrogen from the air.

Again, it has been shown that crops of peas and beans do more than supply themselves with the free nitrogen, they actually in this element enrich the earth in which they grow.

Professor Vines adds further testimony, that when nitrates abound in the soil, and consequently the plant could supply itself easily with nitrogen in the ordinary way by means of its roots, then the tubercles were present in comparatively small numbers; but when these nitrates were scarce, and the plant had to make an effort, as it were, then the development of the tubercles was much augmented. The advantage to the flowering plant in this instance of symbiosis has been dwelt on at this length because it opens up a new and most valuable point of view to the agriculturist, and because it shows the possible value of symbiosis from utilitarian considerations. One is tempted to ask whether it would not be possible to induce a similar symbiosis in other plants, and thus benefit both plants and land.

Dr. Ward brought forward in 1892 the case of that extraordinary organism, the so-called Ginger-beer plant. The present writer well remembers being shown some years ago, in Wales, a large dirty-looking bottle containing semi-transparent, yellowish, gelatinous masses lying in a watery fluid. In appearance these masses are not unlike the brains of animals, as Dr. Ward remarks. The woman to whom the bottle belonged was evidently extremely proud of her possession, and looked upon it indeed as something in the realms of magic, for, as she explained, "I pour in some water and just put a bit of sugar in to sweeten, and leave it in the window-sill, and it turns to *beautiful* ginger-beer." A glass was brought and a little of the precious liquid poured out and offered to the writer, but even

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curiosity was insufficient to induce a trial of the uninviting liquid, although the proud possessor and the family drank it with great gusto.

An inquiry into the nature of these curious gelatinous clumps has shown that here again we have two organisms living together in a mutual aid society. One of the two proves to be a kind of yeast, for which the name *Saccharomyces pyriformis* has been suggested, on account of the pear-like shape it so often has; the other belongs to that class of evil repute, bacteria. This bacterium has a certain well-defined personality. It is a minute rod-shaped body, enclosed in a gelatinous sheath, and this sheath is its distinguishing peculiarity.

Both the yeast and the bacterium can be isolated and grown separately, when nothing in the nature of a ginger-beer plant is produced in either case. The yeast goes through the ordinary processes of fermentation, and when a certain point is reached all further development stops, as is the normal experience; the bacterium, after showing an ordinary development in size, likewise remains in a stationary condition. But if a sugary liquid is prepared, and the yeast and the bacterium put together, then a very different result quickly appears. The whole of the sugary liquid is transformed into a solid mass of jelly-like lumps, which eventually prove to be nothing else than myriads of the sheaths of the bacterium.

Reverting to our typical instance of the lichens, it is interesting to see where and how the two are alike, and where they differ. They are alike, firstly, in that in each we have a resulting combination altogether unlike in appearance either of its constituents. They differ in that both elements are colourless in the ginger-beer plant, while one alone is colourless in the lichen. But this latter distinction is, after all, superficial, when we come to consider their respective natures.

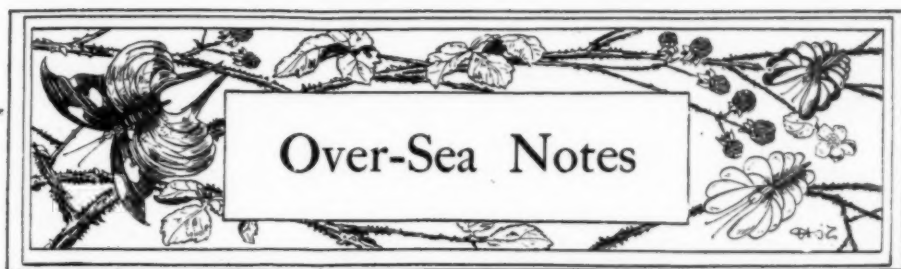
The yeast is, of course, the fungal element; hence if the ginger-beer plant is analogous to a lichen, the bacterium, though colourless, must correspond to the green element or alga.

Now in what way is the symbiotic union justified? What is the advantage derived by the bacterium, and what that by the yeast? On the side of the bacterium we find that it requires for its nourishment those substances which result from the fermentative action of the yeast; upon these

it thrives and flourishes in a remarkable degree, as the enormous number of sheaths testifies. On the other hand, it is a recognised fact that the accumulation of these very substances is injurious to the yeast which produced them, injurious in the sense that when a certain amount is present the development of the yeast is arrested. But if they are removed as they are formed, then the fermentative action can continue indefinitely. Hence the advantage on the side of the yeast plant. It gets rid of its injurious accumulations to a thankful recipient, as a careful housewife clears away troublesome lumber. Hence, too, the unlimited supply of ginger-beer which sugar and water produced in the woman's bottle. There is another noticeable feature in this instance of symbiosis. Strangely enough, the fungus and alga elements appear to have changed places in the advantages they seek. In the lichens, mycorrhiza, and tubercles it was the fungus that sought to take the food the green plant had prepared for itself; here it is the bacterium that requires nourishment, and for the same reason. It has no green colouring matter, and therefore it cannot build up organic substances for itself any more than the fungus can. The yeast gets all that it requires from the sugar in the liquid, and so seeks benefit other than that of food, just as did the lichen alga, the forest tree, and the leguminous plant.

These then constitute at present our chief knowledge of symbiosis in plant life. The lichens, where fungus and alga produced so striking an organism unlike either element (we might almost find an analogy in chemistry, where, in chemical combination, the result is often extraordinarily different from either of the combining elements); the mycorrhiza of the trees of the wood; the tubercles of the peas and beans; and lastly, the ginger-beer plant. Without doubt other instances of symbiosis will soon be revealed, perhaps are already half recognised by some of our great botanists. Cases of temporary symbiosis are not uncommon, and there are cases in which animals and plants dwell happily together, as in the famous instance of ants and the acacia; but the four examples quoted above are unique in their way, in being solely of the vegetable kingdom, in showing change of form, and in the symbiosis being a permanent, and not a mere temporary advantage.

G. CLARKE NUTTALL.



From Our Own Correspondents

The Vatican and England

It is interesting and instructive to point out how the Vatican subordinates its religious to its political interests. The present Pontificate, especially during the last ten years—viz., since Cardinal Rampolla was nominated Secretary of State, and became the real head of the Vatican policy—has centred all its efforts on obtaining for the Papacy a position among the Great Powers. In the interest of this cause no sacrifice in the religious field, however great, is shirked, the idea being that by keeping in such relations with the foreign Governments, they would hasten the day in which they hope to regain even a shadow of that Temporal Power, to the loss of which they cannot resign themselves.

We have therefore witnessed all kind of manoeuvres on the part of the patient and astute Papal diplomacy in order to obtain the re-establishment of those embassies and legations accredited to the Holy See, which in the last years of Pius IX.'s Pontificate had been allowed to lapse. To mention only the Great Powers, Leo XIII. considered it a capital success that first Germany, after the *Kulturkampf*, and afterwards Russia, after thirty years of interrupted diplomatic relations, should have been induced to appoint permanent representatives to the Vatican. These successes were, however, dearly purchased by the subservience of the Roman Catholic party to the will of the Government in Germany, and by the abandonment of all Roman Catholic Poland into the hands of Russia. For similar reasons the Church has provoked the movement of *Los von Rom* in Austria, and is obliged to tolerate, without venturing to protest, the anti-Catholic measures adopted by France, Spain, and Portugal, especially with regard to the religious orders. The greatest ambition of Leo XIII., or (to be more exact) of his Secretary of State, is to induce the two Anglo-Saxon countries, which alone have no diplomatic relations with the Vatican, to send a

representative to the Holy See, no matter under what form, and asking no matter what concession. With President Roosevelt they consider that they have ground for hope in that they have obtained that Governor Toft should be sent to Rome to discuss with the Pope the question of the Philippines, and they insist that now that America has in the States, in Cuba, and in the Philippines over 20,000,000 Roman Catholic subjects, a diplomatic agent must be sent to the Vatican from Washington as from Berlin and St. Petersburg, although the Roman Catholic subjects in these cases amount only to 17,000,000 each.

As regards England all the attempts of the Vatican have met with a firm resistance, and the situation was rendered worse by the Duke of Norfolk two years ago in Rome, when, in the presence of Lord Currie, British Ambassador to the Quirinal, he proposed his ill-advised and tactless toast to the re-establishment of the Temporal Power. In fact, although Leo XIII. sent a special mission to greet King Edward on his accession to the throne, the Vatican has not been invited to the coronation of the new sovereign, notwithstanding the efforts of Mgr. Stonor, the most prominent English prelate in Rome, who was sent purposely to London. The hopes of the Curia were however raised again by the mission headed by the Earl of Denbigh sent by King Edward to Leo XIII. on the occasion of his Jubilee, but this must probably be understood simply as a reciprocation of courtesy; especially when one considers that the present Pope sent Mgr. Sambucetti to London with a special mission on Queen Victoria's last Jubilee. The Vatican, however, is far from being discouraged, and has ever since contemplated the advisability of sending a mission to the coronation of the King, although it has not been invited to do so. The mission would arrive after the ceremony is over, not to be present at the function, as the oath taken by the King has an unpleasant sound in Roman Catholic ears.

S. C.

Over-Sea Notes

Raising the Surface of the Azov Sea

THE Russian Government have given their consent to certain preliminary engineering operations which have as their object the testing of the question whether or not it is possible to raise the surface of the Sea of Azov. The broad waters of the Azov, a surface nearly as large in area as Ireland, are in general so shallow that no ship of more than ten feet can sail in it, except along the narrow ill-defined course in the centre of the sea. The important towns along the coast with their enormous supplies of grain are therefore unable to get rid of their surplus stocks, save by an expensive service of lighters and barges, which carries the produce from the shore to the deeper waters, where the large steamers can anchor. The result has been that once flourishing places are now rapidly decaying. It is to revive trade along the coast by enabling steamers of large burthen to approach the shore that the Government are now proposing to raise the surface of the water by at least eight feet. The plan which finds most favour is to build a dyke or causeway from the Taman peninsula right across to the opposite coast. This causeway, which would divide the waters of the Azov from the Black Sea, would be 12.46 kilometres long. Six large sluices or weirs would be built in the dyke for the escape of superfluous water, and locks would also be built for the admission of vessels from the Black Sea to the Azov, and back again. It is believed that the discharge of the Don and other small rivers which flow into the Azov would keep the surface of the sea at the required height. The estimated cost is put at eight million pounds sterling, and it is thought that the interest on this gigantic sum might be raised by harbour-dues at Kertch and at the various ports of the Azov, including Taganrog.—M. A. M.

A Government Lottery

It seems inconsistent that the United States Government, whose laws against lottery are most severe, should itself have conducted a lottery only last year. It will be seen, however, that this Government lottery was quite innocent. For many years the United States has pursued the policy of granting certain portions of the unsettled lands of the West gratis to persons agreeing to dwell upon and cultivate the tracts. The territory of Oklahoma has been the scene of three such gratuitous distributions; one in 1889, a second in 1893, and the last in 1901. In 1889 and 1893 the method pursued in distributing the lands was to grant

a title to the man who first reached a given claim. It was found that much controversy and not unfrequently bloodshed among rival claimants resulted from this method, and in 1901 it was consequently abandoned for the lottery system. The drawing, which took place in August 1901, was attended with considerable excitement, since the proximity of some claims to towns and settlements made them more valuable than others. The audience who witnessed the lottery indulged in much horseplay and audible jests, but on the whole it was found that picking homesteads out of a hat was a great improvement over the old method of allowing claims.—A. B. R.

The College Girl and Matrimony

THERE are many debates which, though failing of final settlement, are nevertheless quite valuable in that they reveal interesting and out-of-the-way facts. A recent discussion in the American press on the value of higher education for the house-wife is a case in point. A certain professor of a western university declared vigorously that the college-bred girl was wholly worthless as a domestic wife, while women of position in educational circles no less strenuously differed. Probably neither side converted the other, but the discussion was the means of bringing to light certain statistics which cannot fail to be of interest. These give 21.9 as the percentage of college girls who, after graduation, have married.

Eighty per cent. of our women, it is said, marry and have children, so that when we find that only 21.9 per cent. of the graduates of fifteen typical girls' colleges have married, we may not agree with the professor that higher education unfits the girl for wifedom, but we must confess that it lessens her chances of matrimony. The reasons for this fact are probably many. One of the most evident is that a large number of the girls who go to college at the earliest stage of their career, choose teaching as their profession, and practically discard all thoughts of matrimony. Other girls, who at the beginning of their courses have not yet decided to teach, become fascinated with their work and soon assume the same attitude. The college-bred girl is again liable to celibacy because what are probably her most attractive years, physically, are spent in comparative isolation from the opposite sex. In co-educational institutions, it is true that this condition does not exist, but in all distinctively girls' colleges male visitors are carefully

scrutinised or excluded. This confines their companionship with men to the summer season, which is generally far too short to permit of friendship ripening to love and marriage. What will be the remedy for this condition—if indeed it needs a remedy—is difficult to say. Co-education is a comparatively new feature in American education, and may in time change matters. In many colleges its introduction is fought by the male students, and in one prominent institution it has been entirely abandoned, but to predict what its general success or failure will be is as yet premature.

A. B. R.

The Community of Zoar

IN the first fifty years after the war of the Revolution, the United States were regarded in Europe as the refuge of the persecuted, and the home of liberty and freedom of thought. As a consequence of this feeling there were established in various parts of the country, communities which held peculiar religious and social opinions, and which were organised so as to carry these opinions into effect. One community which has had a long and picturesque history is in process of dissolution. This is the settlement of Zoar in Ohio. The Zoarites, who were firm believers in Communism, emigrated from Germany in 1817, and went first to Philadelphia. There they were helped by the Quakers, who subscribed sufficient money to buy for them a tract of 3000 acres in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, which was then being opened up to settlement, and also furnished the necessary means for the immigrants to reach their new home. There the Zoarites organised themselves into a community, and there they have remained until the present year. They were industrious, sober, and moral, with few wants, and with no desires beyond the limits of their settlement. Their government, although not patriarchal in form, became so in fact, as for the first forty years of their existence they were ruled over by their founder and leader Joseph Bimeler. They had built a prison, but so little use was there for it that, when asked why they maintained it, they replied, perhaps with a note of sarcasm, "For the accommodation of visitors." The beginning of the end came seventeen years ago, when the Wheeling and Lake Erie Railway pushed its way through the settlement. Zoar was made a station on the line, and the picturesque old-time quaintness of the community proved an attrac-

tion to visitors from the outside world. The inroad of fashion and pleasure-seeking awoke discontent among the younger members, and the community began to crumble away. So rapid has been the disintegration of late that it was decided to make a distribution of the property to those who were left. About one half of this remnant, chiefly the older members, declare their purpose to take their portion of the goods, and go farther west to the still wild lands of Minnesota. There they intend to reorganise their community, and end their days in peace, undisturbed by railroads or by visitors from the outside world.—A. G. P.

Exporting Rabbits from Australia

THE extraordinary increase in the number of rabbits in Australia has led to a very profitable export trade with England. This trade was commenced about twenty years ago, when two or three factories were established, where the rabbits were cooked and tinned. The trade increased steadily, but it was not of very great importance. Then, less than ten years ago, the system of freezing the rabbits and sending them home like mutton was introduced. This proved so profitable that in a very short time the trade jumped up into a very important position. Now hundreds of thousands of rabbits are sent home frozen from Australia and New Zealand every year, and all connected with the industry are doing well. The rabbits are caught in the country district, most of them being trapped, while others are dug out of the burrows. Rabbits that have been shot or caught by dogs are worthless, owing to the bruises. The rabbits are sent in crates to the ports, where they are placed in refrigerating chambers until a steamer arrives. The trappers, who receive from 3d. to 6d. per pair, make good wages, an expert man netting from £3 to £5 per week. It is a free, healthy and independent life. The trapper lives in a tent, cooks for himself, and either carts his own rabbits to a railway station or else several trappers combine to pay a carter for collecting and despatching their catch. A good trapper will take between twenty and thirty pairs a night, sometimes more. The traps—from five to seven dozen—are set during the day. A visit is paid to them at about 10 P.M., when the rabbits caught are taken out and the traps reset. The chief catch, however, is in the morning. The traps are shifted every day, and, to make good wages, a trapper must have a good big area of country to work.—F. S. S.

Over-Sea Notes

Kindness to Animals

IN India we are confronted with two codes of conduct in relation to animals, each of which claims to be correct, and—I am afraid—denies the other's claim strenuously. At any rate the native often judges the European careless of animal life, while the European is horrified by the physical pain the native will watch animals undergoing, and while shrinking from taking life, will look on calmly while death creeps on slowly but no less surely.

To take a case in point. At one time I lived in the jungle, and my only companion was a rough-haired dog, a charming lady whose pink muzzle—but her praises will shortly appear in three volumes when all may read them.

On day in midwinter her ladyship retired to the cook-house, and under the arch that carried the fire-place presented me with five puppies. It soon became evident that she would not be able to rear the puppies to maturity without disastrous effects to her own constitution, so I ordered my bearer to tell the sweeper to drown or otherwise make away with three of them. Forthwith he protested and I left him to suggest an alternative. He said that they should be given to zemindars, who were always anxious for English dogs, and by his confident assertions silenced my objections that they would probably not feed them with milk as they required. A few days afterwards I asked my khalassies what zemindars had taken my puppies, as I proposed to visit them. "Zemindars," they repeated with fine sarcasm, and I found out that they had been given to chamars¹ of a neighbouring village, who allowed them to suck beef bones till they died.

I am afraid that in my wrath I attempted to inflict as much pain on the bearer as the pups had suffered before their decease. I am now

¹ Chamar is the caste which handles dead bullocks, and makes a living from the sale of hides and bones. During the rains and cold weather, when cattle die in numbers, heaps of bones accumulate round their villages.

convinced that I was unjust. His conduct was entirely in accordance with the normal morality of his time and country. He had saved them from a violent death, even at a sacrifice of truth, and if they died a natural death, accelerated by an injudicious diet, it was no fault of his. We are humane to animals because it gives us personal discomfort to watch their sufferings. They, with the quaint notions of transmigration that are mixed up with all their indigenous religions, refrain from taking life in any form. The practical effects of this belief are somewhat irritating to an Englishman, who, in his treatment of live stock, attempts to imitate nature, "caring little for the individual, everything for the type." During the famine the districts of Marwar and Gujerat were very hard hit. The inhabitants of these districts are largely Tains—a sect of Hindus dating after the rise of Buddhism and before the revival of Brahmanism. The doctrine of transmigration of souls holds a leading place in their religious tenets, and as a consequence animal life is held sacred among them, more especially that of cows, and a common way for men of wealth among them to show their piety is to endow "pinjrapols"—homes of rest for decayed cattle. At Ahmedabad the arrival of Punjabi butchers to kill off famine-stricken cattle for their bones and hides led to an excitement, which was only prevented from ending in riot by the efforts of the Collector; and the mahajans (bankers) undertook to keep the cattle alive. But their efforts were insufficient for the task, and the result was that their resources were frittered away in keeping a large number of cattle on the verge of starvation only to die later on, while the more healthy stock that might have been kept going by the fodder thus wasted were dragged down with them. It was suggested at the first that as many of the best cattle as the means at hand would suffice to support should be selected and the remainder killed before they wasted any of the precious stock of fodder. But here common-sense came in contact with religion and the stronger prevailed.—E. F. S.



Science and Discovery

BY PROFESSOR R. A. GREGORY, F.R.A.S.

Natural Boilers

A GEYSER may be termed a water-volcano; for it ejects hot water instead of fragments of rock and volcanic dust. In the Yellowstone National Park of the United States these natural boilers



GIANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK

Height to which water is ejected about 300 feet.

can be seen to perfection, and their actions can be observed without danger. One of the best known geysers of this region is the Giant, which throws out a jet that sometimes reaches a height of two hundred feet, though the cone from which it is ejected is only ten feet high. A photograph of this geyser in action is here reproduced, and an idea of the enormous quantity of water and steam thrown up during a single eruption can be seen from it. It is a curious fact that eruptions of several of the geysers can be brought about at will by throwing some soap into the water. The story goes that this peculiarity was discovered by a Chinaman who was washing some clothes in one of the basins of hot water surrounding the neck of a geyser. All at once, the geyser resented this desecration, much to the discomfort of the laundryman. Since then it has been a common practice for tourists to throw soap into the basins of some geysers in order to cause eruptions while they wait. In Iceland, the great geyser known as the Strokr can be started by stopping up the neck with large pieces of turf. The sods act as an emetic and rarely fail to produce the desired effect. Professor E. H. Barbour showed a short time ago that the

geysers in Yellowstone Park were rapidly declining in activity. The geyser known as Old Faithful now bursts out at intervals of nearly eighty minutes instead of an hour; the Beehive geyser, which was once one of the finest of the district, is extinct; and others have died out or are becoming feebler than they were. If the present rate of decline continues, it seems probable that in a few years the wonderful effects which can now be seen will no longer be produced.

Primitive Customs in India

MANY uncivilised peoples have no means of producing fire except by friction. The accompanying illustration from a bulletin published by the Madras Government Museum, shows two men of the Yanadi tribe making fire in this way. Two sticks are taken, one short and the other long. A square hole is made in the short stick, which is held on the ground, while one end of the long one is twirled rapidly in the hole. Sufficient heat is thus produced after a time to set fire to a rag or some dried leaves. The Yanadis, who use this primitive method, are a jungle tribe which has not been much affected by British rule in India. They live in simple huts in a state of culture not any better than that of the Stone Age. The natives are fearless in catching cobras, which they drag out of their holes without any fear of their fangs. They pretend to be under the influence of a charm while doing so, but there is no doubt that they derive their protective powers from antidotes to snake-poison. In several parts of the world natives swallow the poison-sacs of venomous snakes to protect themselves from the effects of bites; and there are scientific reasons for the efficacy of this precaution. Just as a person may protect himself against poisoning by arsenic by dosing himself with it, so protection against snake-poison can be obtained by gradually accustoming the body to it. The immunity of the Yanadis from the effect of cobra-bite thus admits of simple explanation.



INDIANS PRODUCING FIRE BY FRICTION

Science and Discovery

Microbes on Mont Blanc

A DETAILED examination of the air, snow and glaciers of Mont Blanc has recently been made by Monsieur J. Binot, and the results have been described before the Paris Academy of Sciences. As was found by Pasteur long ago, the air on the summit of the mountain is much purer than that at lower levels, there being scarcely any bacteria present in it. Freshly-fallen snow also frequently contains no bacteria whatever; and even in snow which has lain for some time only a few are found. The water formed by the melting of glacier ice was found to be usually pure, but that of the river Arve at Chamonix contained more than 120,000 microbes per cubic inch. Altogether M. Binot examined 121 samples of air, ice, snow and water, and from them he obtained no less than three hundred different varieties of microbes. A virulent bacillus was found in the ice on the top of Mont Blanc, and the microbe associated with enteric fever was observed in the beautifully clear and crystalline spring water on the Montanvert road, in such large numbers as nearly two hundred per cubic inch. The water appears to be polluted by the herds of cattle which graze on the mountain pastures, and M. Binot's observations of its dangerous character should be remembered by visitors to Mont Blanc this summer.

Automatic Electric Carriers

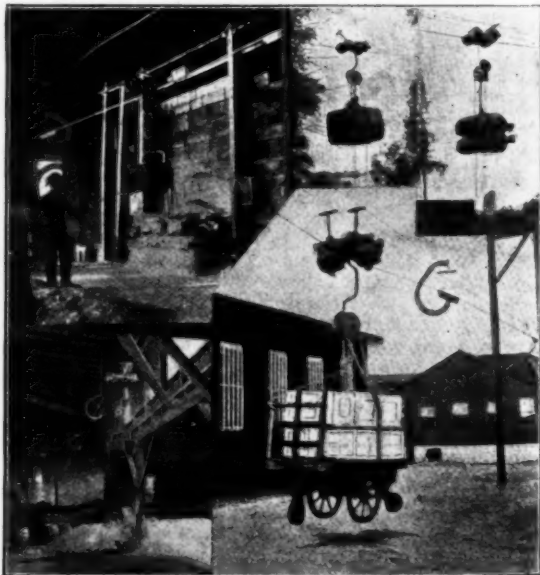
THE system of automatic conveyance of packages and materials by means of electricity is one of the oldest applications of the electric motor; yet its development has not been rapid, and it is rare to see a telpherage line in England. The United Telpherage Company of New York has, however, introduced this system into many works in the United States, and several of the applications are here shown. The telpher is an automatic truck which runs on the upper side of a tight wire cable, and joined to four small electric motors connected with wires conveying the electric current required to drive them. When the current is turned on, the motors are started and the truck begins to move, the speed being anything up to about twelve miles an hour. The carrier slows down automatically for curves and can be arranged to switch the current off automatically, so as to stop at any point of the line desired. The packages or materials to be conveyed along the line are suspended below the telpher, as shown in the accompanying illustrations. The system is thus much the same as that employed in electric tramways, but the carriages are suspended, and the motors are on the suspended lines. By means of the system of transportation, all parts of a

manufactory, works or farm can be consolidated, and materials can be easily conveyed from one part to another without occupying any of the ground space. The system is adaptable to so many uses that it will certainly be largely extended, as the use of electricity becomes more common in manufactories and other businesses.

A few years ago the atoms of chemists were considered to be infinitely small and incapable of being divided by any means. Recent researches have, however, proved that chemical atoms are not single objects but clusters of particles, an atom of hydrogen gas containing at least five hundred of such particles.

From an examination of mummy statistics, Professor Karl Pearson has found that the expectation of life at the present time is much greater than it was in the Romano-Egyptian period of two thousand years ago. Out of one hundred English children alive at ten years of age, thirty-nine survive to be sixty-eight, while not nine survived out of one hundred Romano-Egyptian children of the same age.

There is a popular belief that men of great ability have larger heads than the average population. Measurements of the heads of Cambridge undergraduates, and of boys in a large school in the United States, do not give much support to this view. Very brilliant students may have a slightly larger head on the average, but the increase is too small to establish any criterion of ability.



VARIOUS APPLIANCES OF TELPERAGE

Varieties

Queen Alexandra and our Girls

A PICTORIAL biography of Queen Alexandra, consisting of over thirty photographs, is given in *The Girl's Own Paper* for June. Flags and knick-knacks for the Coronation are also shown and described for the nimble fingers of our girls.

Negroes and the Victoria Cross

MR. FRANK S. MAXWELL, Freetown, Sierra Leone, writes to us:—

"As an interested reader of *The Leisure Hour*, I have taken the liberty of pointing out that the statement of your correspondent E. P. W., in the February number, to the effect that the V.C. worn by William Hall is the only one worn by a man of his race, is open to correction.

"The Victoria Cross has been awarded to Lance-Corporal Gordon, of the 1st Battalion West India Regiment, for conspicuous bravery in one of the expeditions on the Gambia River.

"In the fight at Tonitaba, somewhere in the nineties, Gordon was near his commanding officer, Major Madden, when he observed one of the enemy aim and fire at the officer. With a 'You are shot, sir!' Gordon stepped in front of the major, and received the missile in his own lungs. For long he hovered between life and death, but ultimately recovered. For this act Gordon was awarded the V.C., which was presented to him by the officer commanding the troops at a grand parade held for the purpose."

Our Old Readers

MR. R. SILVER, Etruria, Maidenhead, writes:—

"I took the first number of *The Leisure Hour*, and never missed a month since that time, also the *Sunday at Home*. They have been a constant source of profit and pleasure to me.

"I look for them month by month, as they come to me as very old and welcome friends. I hope they will be kept up to the present high standard."

Women's Feet in China

THE flight of the Chinese Court from Peking is evidently destined to have far-reaching consequences to the women of China. The Empress Dowager learned on that memorable occasion the uselessness of her own feet. In the preamble of a decree issued in March of the present year, she declares that bandaged feet prevent the natural development of the body, are injurious to the health, and place the mistress of the house and her daughters at the mercy of the hirelings. Mandarins' wives are exhorted to communicate the views of the Empress to their neighbours, and to protest whenever they have an opportunity against the bad old custom.

The Helmet and the Crown of Thorns

IN the old church at Innsbruck, among the magnificent bronze people who stand about the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian, is the great Godfrey of Boulogne, the illustrious crusader.

Upon his head he wears his helmet, and on the helmet rests a crown of thorns. The strange conjunction may mean many things. No doubt the crown of thorns is meant to represent the sacred cause, the rescue of the place of the Lord's crucifixion and burial, for which the soldier fought. But is not such a union of symbols a perpetual picture? The helmet and the crown of thorns! Activity and suffering, fighting and growing, the putting forth of energy and the drinking in of strength—these two were represented not as coming in by twins, not as chasing one another in and out of the life, but as abiding together, making one temper, filling one character. The helmet and the crown of thorns worn together on the consecrated head—that makes the noble, useful, growing life.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Denmark, the Land of our Queen

IN this Coronation year, a special interest attaches to the native land of Queen Alexandra. This interest will be deepened by an attractive volume: *Denmark, Past and Present*, by Margaret Thomas (Treherne and Co. 6s.). Miss Thomas is already well known as an intrepid traveller, who can wield an artist's brush and a ready pen. She has given us a thoroughly readable book on Denmark. Besides the narrative and descriptive part of it, there are some excellent chapters on Danish literature and art.

Two sentences from the introduction are worth repeating. "Within thirty-six hours' easy journey of London lies a country whose inhabitants are akin to us in race and closely related in language, customs and religion, whose literature resembles our own, and whose love for the perilous adventures of the ocean is as passionate as that of our own island folk, yet of which the average Englishman knows less than he does of Egypt, the Soudan, Australia, and of many another still more remote land. It is indeed somewhat strange that while tourists have overrun and spoiled the more distant kingdoms of Norway and Sweden, they have almost completely overlooked the allied country of Denmark, which remains, comparatively speaking, a virgin land, undeteriorated by the extravagances of the millionaire, or the vulgarity of the casual tripper; and of which most of the inhabitants maintain to this day, in all their integrity, the plain and simple customs of their grandfathers, uncontaminated by the vice and luxury of richer populations."

The Pilgrims' Way

A RECENT walk through the charming stretch of country between Guildford and Dorking has renewed an old acquaintance with that most picturesque road in the south of England known as the Pilgrims' Way. Leading through woods and fields, skirting the hill-sides, and here and there following the river valleys, it can be followed, although occasionally broken into, from Winchester to Canterbury. It is an old road, older than the Plantagenets, as old

Varieties

even as the Britons, who used it as the main route from the west to Sandwich Haven. In much of its length it is marked by yew-trees, and in places where it has been diverted its old course across the fields can often be traced by the lines of straggling yews that have been allowed to remain. Along this lovely track, rich in delightful scenery, went the old wayfarers of every rank and age to the shrine of St. Thomas. By it Henry II. journeyed on his first pilgrimage, and after him came many thousands in reign after reign, until the cult of St. Thomas went out of fashion.

The influence of the pilgrims is seen not only in the churches and chantries along the way, but in the fairs in the villages and towns. Guildford fair, for instance, which at first was held at Christmas when the pilgrims were on their way to the winter festival of St. Thomas, was altered to September when the day of a'Becket's martyrdom had become less popular than the summer feast of his translation. Shalford fair took place in time to catch the pilgrims on their way from the Canterbury fair in July; and about the same time, with the same eye to business, came Puttenham fair in the churchyard, and Wanborough fair, and the five days' fair on St. Catherine's Hill, just out of Guildford. From Brittany and Normandy the pilgrims came on to the road at Southampton; those from the west country joined it at Winchester or Guildford; and it is between Guildford and Canterbury, which it reaches by way of Wrotham and Charing, that it is most clearly traceable. In its course it is by turns high-road, shady lane, woodland track, and meadow path, though it generally avoids the marshes, and almost always clings to the hills, as if to skirt the old forests that used to fill the valley of the Weald. It first becomes unmistakable about Bishop's Sutton, coming north-east past Chawton, where Jane Austen lived and wrote; thence it leads on to Farnham through Alton and the woodlands of Alice Holt. Out of Farnham it follows the bank of the Wey at Waverley, and entwining at the Hog's Back, passes through Seale and Puttenham, where it first begins to bear its ancient name. Through Losely it reaches St. Catherine's, and there it begins to find its place on every-day maps.

Some of the prettiest spots in Surrey are situated on it. Cross by the ferry at St. Catherine's, see Shalford and its stocks, go thence through Chantry Woods—if you have permission, or round by Tyting Farm if you have not—up St. Marther's Hill, which was once the Martyr's Hill, to the solitary chapel where Stephen Langton and his Catherine are said to lie—the Canterbury tomb to the contrary notwithstanding—then down again, skirting Weston Wood, and through Silverhill Wood, along the Tillingbourne, under the lime-trees into Shere. Try this walk on a sunshiny day in early June, and it will always be a pleasant memory.

So, for that matter, will be the next stretch from there, by the downs over Ranmore Common, and by Box Hill and the yews of Buckland to Reigate, with a look in at Gatton beyond. The great attraction at Gatton is the town-hall, which is the queerest in England, being merely a garden temple or summer-house in the park. It may be asked why it was necessary for Gatton to have a town-hall at all. The reason was that, until 1832, Gatton returned two members to Parliament, and that, although its electorate only consisted of two voters, who proposed each other, seconded each other, voted for each other, and returned each other, it was necessary to have an official building in which this political farce could be legally performed.

W. J. G.

Astronomical Notes for June

ON the first day of this month, the Sun rises, in the latitude of Greenwich, at 3h. 51m. in the morning, and sets at 8h. 5m. in the evening; on the 11th, he rises at 3h. 45m., and sets at 8h. 14m.; and on the 21st he rises at 3h. 45m., and sets at 8h. 18m. As the Sun is vertical over the tropic of Cancer at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 22nd, that day is the one of the summer solstice when the days are longest in the northern hemisphere, and shortest in the southern. The Moon will become New at 6h. 11m. (Greenwich time) on the morning of the 6th; enter her First Quarter at 6 minutes before midnight on the 12th; become Full at 2h. 17m. on the morning of the 21st; and enter her Last Quarter at 9h. 52m. on the evening of the 28th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 5 o'clock on the morning of the 6th (on which day and the following exceptionally high tides may be expected), and in apogee, or furthest from us, at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 19th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due this month. The planet Mercury is visible in the evening during the early part of the month, passing successively near the stars Mu and Nu Geminorum, which are of the third and fourth magnitudes respectively, in the western part of the constellation; but he will be at inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 23rd. Venus is a morning star, rising a little later each day; she is now in the constellation Aries, but moving in a northeasterly direction, will enter Taurus on the 23rd, and pass a short distance to the south of the Pleiades on the 27th. Mars will become visible towards the end of this month, rising about 1½ hours before the Sun, and situated in the northeastern part of the constellation Taurus, near its boundary with Auriga. Jupiter is nearly stationary, in the eastern part of Capricornus; he rises earlier each night, about 10 o'clock at the end of the month, and will be near the Moon on the morning of the 25th. Saturn rises now a little before midnight, and earlier as the month advances; he is still in the eastern part of Sagittarius, moving very slowly in a westerly direction.—W. T. LYNN.

Women's Interests

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Prendergast.—I do not know how to restore faded pencil annotations made on the margin of a book, though the same method that preserves them when fresh might restore them when faded:—lightly brushing over with a little warm vellum size, or with a little milk. I wonder if you ever heard of the anti-annotation enthusiast who went to a public library—that of the British Museum, I think—and laboriously erased all the annotations by Samuel Taylor Coleridge attached to a set of books obtained from his library, annotations that were priceless and not to be reproduced. The enthusiast was not discovered, so that he directly escaped the reward of his deeds.

Vanity.—Your question indirectly touches on a matter so serious in its effect on the community that it will be necessary to devote more space to it than any single correspondent is entitled to. You ask how to begin the study of PALMISTRY. But there is a question that precedes this in every intelligent mind—it is whether the subject is likely to reward the student. Do you think the Creator has written the individual's destiny in the palms of his or her hands, and if so, with what object, since it must remain undecipherable to millions? It is quite possible that the past writes a record legible to close observers on the entire person, that every great agony and great effort leaves a mark like the topmost wave, when the tide begins to recede. But how could the future that is still to come leave traces of its passage? If there is no record, the effort to read it goes to the boundary-line between what is evil and what is good. No one can approach what is evil and not suffer more or less. Even in jest we should not treat serious things irreverently. The future is with God. Let us see that we work it out for ourselves after the Divine plan. It is not by peering and prying into the minute and obscure that we rise to greatness. So much for the moral aspect. Now for the reasonable and practical one. Have you ever known any of these prophetesses succeed in anything unless it be in wringing fees from dupes? Have you ever heard of one that was able to foretell a war or a truce, or could name the winning number in a lottery, or the winning horse in a race? A wise woman predicted the year in which Cecil Rhodes would die; she was astute, and she knew that his was not what physicians call a good life. But she was wrong by a year in the date she gave. The prophecy was made only three years ago. As the main object of the world's desire is money, do you not think that occultists would use their art to enrich themselves, if they had any faith in what they practise? In remote places it is, with curious want of logic, always the oldest and the poorest and the most miserable women that are accredited with transcendent powers, just as if they would not use these, did they

possess them, to effect some pleasant results for themselves. I once heard a gipsy tell fortunes at the seaside, and the exhibition was vulgar, though she merely promised good luck, and inheritance and lovers all round. Professional fortune-tellers can read nothing from the hands of people who preserve an inscrutable demeanour, it is really from the face they discover what the client thinks, and when their guesses strike a fact in the past. The danger of fortune-telling is that nervous or imaginative people will assent to what is advanced. The wreckage of many a life could be traced to the prophecies of these crafty wretches. The "witches" of the past went to the stake undeservedly; the fortune-tellers of the present day deserve and, unfortunately, escape it. There is no logic in punishing a poor vagrant that dupes a kitchen-maid to the extent of half-a-crown, and letting Cheirodo and Astrada and all the rest of them go free. They ought all to be treated as rogues and vagabonds. It is usually spinsters that patronise these pretenders. I suppose they want to ask, "Will he come?" If this is the question that exercises you, I can answer, without any assistance from your palms, that they who make themselves worthy of love attain it in time, that the best things in the world are not cheap and common, and that a wise and good woman is equal to whatever fate awaits her.

Vera.—A very good handbook to the subject that interests you is Parker's *Introduction to Gothic Architecture*. It is abundantly illustrated, and it treats of French as well as English buildings. For further details there is Parker's *Glossary*. The price of each book is 7s. 6d., and the publishers are B. T. Batsford & Sons, 94 High Holborn, London.

Querist.—In one of Lang and Neil's Penny Law-Books for the People you will find what you want. The one entitled *Master and Servant* would let the mistress also know when she is within her rights. The address of the publishers is 66 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

Sister Grace.—In *Cookery for Working Men's Wives* (Alexander Gairdener) and *Three Courses for 3d.* (S.P.C.K.), you will find receipts for economical meals. In Sir Thomas Lipton's Alexandra Trust Dining-Rooms the price for a dinner of three courses is 4d., and it is said this is not a charity price, but reckoned on a basis to cover expenses.

F. S. E., Birmingham, is thanked for her generous contribution to the funds of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Her cheque has been forwarded.

VERITY.

Letters requiring answers to be addressed—
"Verity," c/o Editor, "The Leisure Hour,"
56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The Fireside Club

SEARCH COMPETITION

Identifications from Dickens

1. Where did shelterless fragments of straw and paper get up revolving storms when all the rest of the street was at peace?
2. On whose sofa was the black angular bolster like a headsman's block?
3. Who said of who "he provides the pitch and I handle it and it sticks to me"?
4. In whose bright looks was there a loving, cheerful, fireside quality?
5. Whose "going down to the House to see how things looked" was considered a master stroke politically?
6. What mother and son "might be showed for models in a caravan"?
7. At whose disposal were "a knife and fork and an apartment" ever to be?
8. Of whom was it said "he was the one for musical talent"?
9. Where will the best-looking among us not look very well?
10. Who was put out in his own hall like a rushlight, by his butler?
11. When has a professional man "no right to think of his private friendships"?
12. Who was "the Bully of humility"?
13. Who, in a beautiful spirit of self-sacrifice, wrote "Let his aunt come"?
14. After what carriage did a lady with jet-black curls throw both her shoes?
15. What was "the completest and most signal mistake that ever human being laboured under or committed"?
16. Who was a "grown-up Bacchus"?
17. What was "like an over-grown mangle without the machinery," and what was it capable of holding?
18. Who was as happy as a tomtit on bird-lime?
19. Who said "a grey-headed dwarf, well-wrinkled, is beyond all suspicion"?
20. Who wrote a tragedy called "The Thorn of Anxiety"?
21. Whose umbrella served "at home as a cupboard, and on journeys as a carpet-bag"?
22. Who said "I believe there is such a word in the dictionary as hairdressers"?
23. On what occasion did a pieman find his brandy-balls went off like smoke?
24. Who was eminently calculated for a mother-in-law in her son's opinion?
25. Who said "Everything is like life in my opinion, if you look at it in that point of view"?
26. What's "like a human creetur so far, that you always hear what can be said against it but seldom what can be said in its praise"?
27. Who was as willing to put his head into the Sultan's tub of water as the beggar-boys to put their heads in the mud?
28. Who said the world used him like a football?
29. Whose kitchen fireplace was capable of cooking nothing but chops and mashed potatoes?
30. Who made a merit of not having closed an eye, as if she had twenty or thirty?
31. What was a perfect picture of Justice retired from business for want of customers?
32. What did the eagle glance of matrimonial anxiety detect attached to the little brown valise of happier days?
33. Whose ship was appropriately called "The Scorpion"?
34. What bankrupt was spoken of as "going through the Gazette" as if it were a tunnel?
35. What is, when the Ave Maria rings, "over in an instant, put out like a taper, with a breath"?
36. Who sat astride a barrel "like a Bacchus of private life" whittling?
37. Who thought that "of all casualties of this existence upon earth, not one was dealt out with so unequal a hand as Death"?
38. Who was "preceded by a large dog, dressed in a suit of fleecy hosiery, with pink eyes, large ears and no perceptible tail"?
39. Who said "What is called Taste is only another name for Fact"?
40. Who had "come over to England to be an apothecary, a clerk in a Government office, an actor, a reporter, or anything else that turned up"?

Awards for Identifications in the April number (see page 534).—No one solved all the questions this time—although every answer was found by one or other competitor. The Editor divides the prize, awarding One Guinea each to C. M. HAZELL, Castle Street, Farnham, Surrey, and — MILLAR, 64 Tierney Road, Streatham Hill, S.W., as these two scored highest. The most difficult questions seem to have been:—1. Sir Walter Raleigh, *History of England*. 3. Passenger on Canal boat, *American Notes*. 15. Sparkler, *Little Dorrit*. 21. Bucket, *Blak House*. 23. Fagin, *Oliver Twist*. 28. Mr. Bouncerby, *Hard Times*. 30. At a ball at Rochester, *Pickwick Papers*. 32. Mr. Pumblechook, *Great Expectations*. 36. Princess Alicia, *Holiday Romance*. 37. Mr. Sampson, *Hunted Down*. Prize-winners may not compete again in Dickens questions.

Our Chess Page

Solving Competition still open.

Fifteen Guineas in Prizes

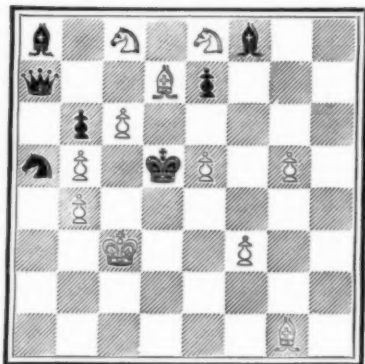
THERE is still time for solvers to compete for the Prizes offered in the April part of *The Leisure Hour* for the best solutions of problems to be published during the five months beginning April last.

Here is the third batch of problems, all of which were entered in our last Problem Tourney.

Solutions from European solvers must be in our hands by August 10, and from Colonial solvers by November 1.

No. 5.—"Who'd 'a' thought it?"

BLACK—7 MEN

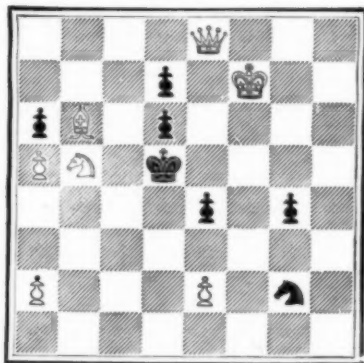


WHITE—11 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 6.—"Serendib."

BLACK—7 MEN

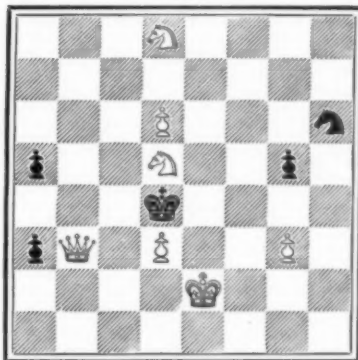


WHITE—7 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 7.—"Cigarette."

BLACK—5 MEN

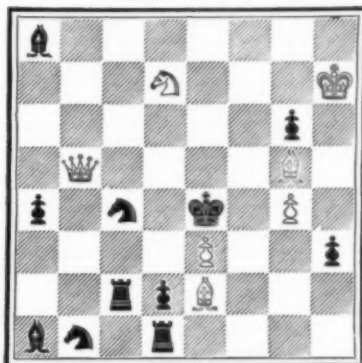


WHITE—7 MEN

White to mate in three moves.

No. 8.—"Jim Crow."

BLACK—11 MEN

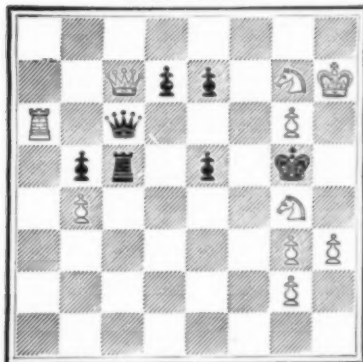


WHITE—7 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

No. 9.—"Jim Crow II."

BLACK—7 MEN



WHITE—10 MEN

White to mate in two moves.

Our Chess Page

Our correspondence match with the *Leeds Mercury Weekly Supplement* ended in a victory for *The Leisure Hour* by eight and a half games to three and a half.

The wins for us were by Messrs. SERRAILIER (*adjudicated*), BREWER, HOOKE, TIETJEN, CURNOCK, BALSON, and DR. DUNSTAN.

Messrs. WAINWRIGHT, BARLOW, and DR. HEMMING drew, while MR. PARRY (*adjudicated*) and the Chess Editor lost their games.

The seven won games are still under adjudication, with a view to the award of the prizes.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, "The Leisure Hour," 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., and to be marked CHESS on the envelope. Competition entries must be accompanied by the *Eisteddfod Ticket* from the Contents page.



THE SQUIRE.—"Mike, some of your ideas on politics are absolutely indefensible."

MIKE.—"Oi don't think so, sor. Oi've licked half-a-dozen fellows in my time for disagreein' wid my ideas."

The Leisure Hour Eisteddfod

COMPETITION 18

We propose to give

THREE VALUABLE BOOK PRIZES

for the best short Essays, giving the writers' experiences, on
HOW WE CELEBRATED THE CORONATION

The First Prize will be—

AUSTRALIAN PICTURES. Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By HOWARD WILLOUGHBY. With large coloured Map, and 107 Illustrations. This beautiful book is bound in morocco, with gilt edges and gilt lettering. Its published price is 28s.

The Second Prize will be—

IN SCRIPTURE LANDS. New Views of Sacred Places. By EDWARD L. WILSON. With 150 Original Illustrations.

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tions engraved from Photographs taken by the author. It has gilt top, and is published at 15s.

The Third Prize will be—

VICTORIA, R.I.: her Life and Reign. By DR. JAMES MACAULAY, formerly Editor of *The Leisure Hour*. With five Portraits of the late Queen, and 60 other Illustrations. This volume has gilt edges, and is published at 10s. 6d.

RULES.

1. No Essay to exceed 1000 words.
2. Each Essay must have affixed to it the Coupon found on the Contents page of this number.
3. Essays to be written on one side of the paper only, and to be sent to the Editor, *The Leisure Hour*, 56 Paternoster Row, London, E.C., not later than July 1, 1902.
4. The Prize Essays to be the property of *The Leisure Hour*.
5. Competitors are requested to keep copies of their Essays, as the Editor cannot undertake to return any Essays even when stamps are sent.
6. Private correspondence is impossible.